Episode #: 601/602

LOST

"LA X"

Written by

Damon Lindelof

&

Carlton Cuse

Directed by

Jack Bender

PRODUCTION DRAFT
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Rev. blue pages: cast,16,45,51,55,56,57,58,71,72,94,99,100,100A

LOST
"LA X"
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CAST LIST

BEN	Michael Emerson	
CLAIRE	Emilie de Ravin	
DESMOND	Henry Ian Cusick	
HURLEY	Jorge Garcia	
JACK	Matthew Fox	
JIN	Daniel Dae Kim	
KATE	Evangeline Lilly	
LOCKE	Terry O'Quinn	
MILES STRAUME	Ken Leung	
RICHARD ALPERT	Nestor Carbonell	
SAWYER	Josh Holloway	
SAYID	Naveen Andrews	
SUN	Yunjin Kim	

CHARLIE	Dominic Monaghan	
JULIET	Elizabeth Mitchell	
BOONE	Ian Somerhalder	
ROSE	L. Scott Caldwell	
BERNARD	Sam Anderson	
FRANK LAPIDUS	Jeff Fahey	
ILANA	Zuleikha Robinson	
THE MARSHAL (EDWARD MARS)	Fredric Lane	
BRAM	Brad William Henke	
JACOB	Mark Pellegrino	
DR. LESLIE ARZT	Daniel Roebuck	
CINDY	Kimberley Joseph	
NEIL FROGURT	Sean Whalen	
DOGEN	Hiroyuki Sanada	
LENNON	John Hawkes	
OCEANIC REP		
CUSTOMS AGENT SMALLEY		
LAX SECURITY OFFICER		
CUSTOMS AGENT ANNE		
LADIES ROOM WOMAN		
CUSTOMS OFFICER		
FLIGHT ATTENDANT		
ZACK	Mickey Graue	*
EMMA	Kiersten Havelock	*
PILOT (V.O.)	Greg Grunberg	
WALKIE (V.O.)		

CUT:

UNIFORMED COP	
BAGGAGE CLAIM WOMAN	

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SET LIST

INTERIORS
OCEANIC 815
    JACK'S ROW - Day
    BATHROOM AREA - Day
    KATE'S ROW - Day
    SAWYER'S ROW - Day
    SUN/JIN'S ROW - Day
    LOCKE'S ROW - Day
FOOT - Night, Day
DHARMA VAN - DRIVING - Night
HATCH WRECKAGE TUNNEL - Night
LAX
    CORRIDOR TO IMMIGRATION - Day
    TERMINAL - Day
    OCEANIC COURTESY DESK - Day
    IMMIGRATION AREA - Day
    LADIES ROOM - Day
    LADIES ROOM STALL - Day
    ELEVATOR - Day
    CUSTOMS - Day
    BAGGAGE CLAIM - Day
    BACK HALLWAY - Day
    OCEANIC COMPLAINT OFFICE - Day
TEMPLE
    CATACOMBS - UNDERGROUND TUNNELS - Day
    ANTEROOM - Day
    COURTYARD - Day
    POOL ROOM - Day
    DOGEN'S CHAMBER - Day
    CLOSED QUARTERS - Day
CAB - Day

EXTERIORS
BLUE SKY - Day
OCEAN
    START HIGH/DROP TO SURFACE - Day
    UNDERWATER - Day
JUNGLE
    TREE BRANCH - Night
    KATE'S TREE - Night
    KATE TREKKING - Night
    SWAN HATCH - IMPLOSION AREA - Night
    DHARMA VAN - Night
    DHARMA VAN - DRIVING - Night
    HATCH CRATER - Night
    TEMPLE WALL - DECLIVITY - Day
BEACH
    STATUE BEACH - Night
LAX
    RUNWAY - Day
    BAGGAGE CLAIM/CAB LINE - Day
TEMPLE
    INNER GROUNDS - REFLECTING POND - Day

Cut:
JUNGLE - SUN'S AREA - Day

Well, Christ. Here we are. But before we BEGIN...

EXT. BEACH - MORNING

TWO MEN sit on the beach. One in black. One in white. The MAN IN BLACK sighs --

MAN IN BLACK
They come. They fight. They destroy. They corrupt. It always ends the same.

The Man in White, JACOB, doesn't bat an eye --

JACOB
It only ends once. Everything before that? Is just progress.

And those words have an entirely different context now as we BLAST INTO A REFRESHER OF WHERE THE FUCK WE LEFT OFF:

Jack shouts "WE HAVE TO GO BACK!" -- the OCEANIC SIX boarding AJIRA FLIGHT #316 -- a DEAD Locke back amongst the living -- Faraday RETURNS... and now we get to the CRUX OF IT.

"If we stop that hatch from being built, Oceanic 815 never crashes." Jack adopts the mission -- Kate enlists Sawyer and Juliet to STOP him -- Sayid is SHOT -- the group arrives at the CONSTRUCTION site of the HATCH -- Jack drops the bomb and NOTHING FUCKING HAPPENS -- MAGNETIC CHAOS -- Juliet is pulled inside -- Sawyer agonizingly calls her name AND --

John Locke demands to be brought to Jacob -- Ilana and Bram drag Lapidus to the FOOT-- OPENING UP THEIR BOX to reveal LOCKE'S CORPSE -- Sun asks, "If this is Locke, then who's in THERE?!?" Ben STABS Jacob -- Jacob speaks his last words: "They're coming" as Locke KICKS HIM INTO THE FIRE and --

Jack groggily gets to his feet as ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE at the Hatch site -- Kate dragging Sawyer away from the PIT -- the CRANE pulled inside as we follow it down to find -- Juliet. Not dead. Not YET. Picking up a rock, SMASHING IT INTO THE BOMB. Harder. Harder. HARDER.

JULIET
C'mon you sonuva --

THE SCREEN GOES WHITE.

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TEASER

1 **AND FROM THE PURE WHITE SCREEN -- THE END OF THE INEVITABLE RECAP IN WHICH JULIET SMASHES THAT BOMB WITH A ROCK...** 1

And a HUM begins to rise in that WHITENESS... can't quite put our finger on why it sounds so FAMILIAR... and we appear to MOVING -- PULLING BACK to find the white surrounded by a majestic BLUE -- SKY, in fact... and that HUM is getting LOUDER as we realize we're looking at a CLOUD and now we finally RECOGNIZE that fucking SOUND, because...

2 INT. OCEANIC 815 - DAY 2

It's a goddamned PLANE ENGINE. And as we finally pull through the WINDOW TO FIND --

JACK SHEPHARD looking out of it. HE BLINKS...

A MOMENT OF DISORIENTATION -- almost as if he's not exactly sure where he is or how he got here -- and then:

VOICE (O.S.)
So how's the drink?

Jack turns to see an attractive OCEANIC FLIGHT ATTENDANT -- CINDY, smiling at him. He smiles back, SHRUGS --

JACK
It's good.

CINDY
That's not a very strong reaction.

JACK
It's not a very strong drink.

Yes. This DOES sound FAMILIAR. And it goddamned SHOULD. Cindy looks around, then produces a SINGLE small bottle of VODKA, hands it to Jack, conspiratorial grin --

CINDY
Don't tell anyone.

JACK
It'll be our secret.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: 2

Jack takes the bottle as Cindy gives him one last smile, pushes her cart off down the aisle.

ON JACK. About to twist off the cap and pour it over his empty glass of ICE when --

The cabin SHAKES. SHIT. Ever so slightly, but enough to trigger the DING of --

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (V.O.)
Ladies and gentlemen... the pilot has turned on the fasten seat belt sign. Please return to your seats.

ON JACK as he buckles his seatbelt. Again, a moment of... SOMETHING. As if he was trying to REMEMBER something. Another spot of TURBULENCE snaps him out of it, suddenly NERVOUS as he hears --

ROSE (O.S.)
It's normal.

Jack looks across the aisle to find an OLDER AFRICAN-AMERICAN WOMAN. We, of course, recognize her as ROSE... but Jack doesn't know that yet. She smiles at him --

ROSE (CONT'D)
(reassuring)
My husband says planes want to stay in the air.

JACK
He sounds like a smart man.

And CHRIST, this is hard to watch because we know what's coming... what's about to HAPPEN --

ROSE
You be sure and tell him that when he gets back from the bathroom.

Jesus. Fuck. ANY SECOND NOW...

JACK
I'll keep you company until he does. Don't worry... it'll all be over in a --

KWHOOOOM! BIG LEAGUE FUCKING TURBULENCE -- A GOOD FIVE SECONDS OF SUPER INTENSE SHAKING. AND WE'RE THINKING -- THIS IS IT! SWEET FUCK -- THE PLANE IS GOING TO RIP IN HALF!

ON JACK. In complete TERROR as the plane SHAKES -- CLOSE ON HIM -- an odd PEACE and tranquility -- somehow knowing WITHOUT knowing that it's all about to HAPPEN AG--

The plane stabilizes.

Jack BLINKS. And again. Not sure what the fuck is happening. CONFUSED. And then:

ROSE
You can let go now.

Jack turns, sees Rose looking right at him. She's the picture of CALM. Smiling. She repeats:

ROSE (CONT'D)
It's okay. You can let go.

ON JACK, not sure what she's talking about. And then, she NODS to --

HIS ARMREST. Which Jack is clutching with WHITE-KNUCKLED FINGERS. Jack looks up at Rose... smiles through his EMBARRASSMENT as he releases his hold --

JACK
Guess we made it.

And now it's REALLY FUCKING HITTING US IN A PROFOUND WAY. Because we have definitively moved PAST THE POINT where OCEANIC 815 WENT DOWN. This is uncharted territory.

ROSE
We sure did.

And now, we hear the PILOT's voice over the INTERCOM:

PILOT'S VOICE (V.O.)
Sorry about the unexpected bumps folks, looks like we just hit a pocket of rough air... should be a smooth ride from here on out.

DING. The SEAT BELT SIGN goes back off as we hear a VOICE:

MAN (O.S.)
Remind me to hold it next time...

Jack looks up to see a MAN squeezing in over Rose. It is, of course, BERNARD.

BERNARD
I almost died in that bathroom...
now I know what the laundry feels
like when it's in the dryer.

Rose LAUGHS at her husband, gives him a kiss as he settles in the seat next to her.

ROSE
I missed you.

BERNARD
Missed you, too, beautiful.

Jack TAKES them in. Their LOVE. Smiles as he unbuckles his own seatbelt, steps INTO THE AISLE.

FOLLOWING HIM BACK NOW as he heads for the LAVATORY himself. A MAN with his back to us stands a few feet away from the door as Jack approaches --

JACK
You in line?

The man turns -- and for those of us with good memories, we recognize the MARSHAL immediately. For the rest, we'll put it together about five seconds from now.

MARSHAL
Nope. Just waiting for my friend.

And just then -- CTHK -- the door to the lavatory slides open, a WOMAN stepping out and RIGHT INTO Jack -- he stumbles back, arms reflexively reaching up to STEADY her.

JACK
Whoa...

WOMAN
-- Sorry... I didn't see --

But now their eyes MEET. Their faces just inches from each other. And this, of course, is not just any woman...

It's KATE AUSTEN. A GENUINE MOMENT between she and Jack -- HEAT -- she's all but pressed against his TORSO -- but of course, they are STRANGERS.

KATE
-- I'm sorry. I should've looked
before I came out...

2 CONTINUED: (4) 2

JACK

No problem.

K-CLINK! Jack's attention is drawn towards Kate's hands as they withdraw from his chest -- SURPRISE as he sees her wrists are confined by HANDCUFFS --

But the moment is abruptly broken as the Marshal reaches out, GRIPS Kate by the crook of her elbow. POINTED --

MARSHAL

We'd better get back to our seats, sweetheart.

And with that, he's pulling her off back down the AISLE.

HOLDING ON Jack -- not sure what the fuck just HAPPENED as Kate drops a glance over her shoulder, a fleeting SMILE...

Jack SNAPS OUT OF IT, turns, enters the --

3 INT. OCEANIC 815 - LAVATORY - CONTINUOUS 3

Jack closes the door behind him. Moves towards the TOILET... But catches something in the MIRROR. Turns to face --

HIMSELF. He BLINKS. He pauses for a minute, letting the look linger, as if he hasn't given himself a good look in a while.

The "REAL" Jack fills half the FRAME and contemplates the REFLECTED IMAGE OF JACK in the OTHER HALF OF THE FRAME. And something about it doesn't seem quite right...

And now he sees IT. A small RAZOR BLADE CUT on his neck. Maybe an inch long. A THIN BLADE LINE GASH. Not gushing but BLEEDING. Jack frowns, pulls some TISSUES from the wall dispenser, pressing them against the WOUND as we UPCUT TO:

4 INT. OCEANIC 815 - JACK'S ROW 4

Jack dabs at his neck, moving back down the aisle for his seat. TRACKING BEHIND HIM as Jack STOPS, realizing --

There's someone in his SEAT. Back to us. A MAN IN A SUIT.

JACK

Excuse me?

And the man turns towards him, looking up -- AND CHRIST -- this has been fucking STRANGE ENOUGH, but now, of all the people we expected to see on this plane, this is NOT one of them. Not by a LONG FUCKING SHOT. Because here sits --

DESMOND GODDAMNED HUME.

DESMOND
Is this your seat? The stewardess said it wasn't occupied. Sorry --

JACK
No... I've got the window.

DESMOND
You mind if I sit here, mate? Fella next to me's been snoring since we took off from Sydney.

"Sydney"? No. You're not crazy. Desmond WASN'T ON 815. So don't look at fucking US -- we're right there with you.

JACK
Sure. No problem.

Desmond smiles gratefully as he rises, allows Jack to slide into the window seat.

DESMOND
Thanks, brother.

PUSHING IN ON JACK... "Brother"? He BLINKS, studying Desmond, who looks back at him --

DESMOND (CONT'D)
Something wrong?

JACK
No... you just look...
(can't place it)
Do I know you from somewhere?

A beat. Then, Desmond responds evenly --

DESMOND
I'm not sure.

Jack shakes his head... it's on the tip of his tongue... but he can't GET IT. Desmond SMILES now, offers his hand --

DESMOND (CONT'D)
I'm Desmond.

Jack shakes, but STILL can't connect the dots.

JACK
Jack.

DESMOND
Well it's nice to meet you, Jack.
(and then)
Or to see you again.

ON JACK. Forces a smile. But part of him is UNSETTLED... and damned if he knows WHY as the GIACCHINO starts to play... something slightly DISQUIETING as Jack again turns towards the window and we FOLLOW HIS GAZE to the CLEAR BLUE SKIES OUTSIDE IT as we PUSH BACK THROUGH AND --

5 EXT. OVER THE OCEAN - DAY (ALL VFX) 5

And now we're _outside_ the plane, LOOKING IN AT JACK STARING OUT THE WINDOW. AND AS OCEANIC 815 _FLIES ON_, WE CUT TO --

A6 AN OVERHEAD SHOT OF THE PLANE A6

OCEANIC 815 now FLYING BENEATH US, OCEAN AND CLOUDS WAY DOWN BELOW IT. THE HUM OF THE ENGINES RISES WITH THE MUSIC... we must be about to hear that BOOM and see the TITLE CARD...

But the plane clears frame. And the music abruptly STOPS. _Silence_. And we just SIT HERE for a moment at THIRTY THOUSAND FEET LOOKING DOWN at the GLORIOUS OCEAN BELOW. Stretching out like CLEAR BLUE GLASS. And then. SUDDENLY.

We start to FUCKING DROP. IN THE VERY SAME SHOT. Wind WHISTLING past us as --

WE BLAST THROUGH THE CLOUDS, GETTING LOWER AND LOWER, THE WATER filling our entire FIELD OF VISION as we GET CLOSER --

And now we see the WAVES and WHITECAPS as we rocket towards the SURFACE -- and CHRIST, we do NOT STOP as SPLSSSSSSSSSSH! WE _PLUNGE UNDERWATER_!

6 EXT. OCEAN - UNDERWATER - DAY (ALL VFX) 6

The CAMERA KEEPS DRIVING DOWNWARD! PAST DARTING SCHOOLS OF FISH, DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE OCEAN AS THE WATER TURNS COLDER AND DARKER AND GREENER.

And now we see something... THE OCEAN FLOOR. But NOT SAND or CORAL or ROCKS.

No,these are TREES. Yeah, TREES. Or at least their LEAFLESS SKELETAL remains swaying in the ocean current.

And now we start to GLIDE... no longer moving vertically, but horizontally as we move through this vast underwater CANOPY -- PAST ROCK FORMATIONS AND OPEN LAND --

And if the incongruity of this UNDERWATER JUNGLE isn't fucking STRANGE ENOUGH, we BREAK THROUGH THE TREES --

And a SHARK SWIMS right through the foreground -- CLEARING FRAME to reveal... SOMETHING... A STRUCTURE? Hard to make out from here, but we're getting CLOSER NOW --

And we're coming up BEHIND it, hard to gauge what it is other than STONE and BIG -- but now we're ANGLING around, slowly turning as we CIRCLE IT... and FUCK... why does this thing looks so fucking FAMILIAR? Where have we seen it be-- ?

Oh. Oh Fuck.

It's the FOOT. The FOUR-TOED STATUE.

YES. THAT fucking four-toed statue. Here, UNDER THE OCEAN.

And that's when we realize what we're looking at. Jesus. All those submerged trees? Fucking. The ROCKS and HILLS and VALLEYS? CHRIST. It could only mean one thing --

The island has fucking SUNK.

WHAT? Why? How? WHO? And the fact that OCEANIC 815 clearly ain't gonna crash here because there's nothing to goddamn crash ON?

Well.

Guess we might just have to actually answer those questions this time. Because it's the FINAL FUCKING SEASON OF LOST, ladies and gentlemen. And you've seen the BEGINNING. You've made it through the MIDDLE.

So let's get to the goddamned END.

BOOM.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

7 EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT 7

SOUNDS. MUFFLED. As if through COTTON. Crickets? And --

AN EYE OPENS. WIDENING SLIGHTLY... just enough to see it belongs to --

KATE.

She's DAZED and DISORIENTED. And shit. SO ARE WE. Because weren't we just on a fucking PLANE? Kate starts to sit up but suddenly GASPS -- quickly GRABS AT SOMETHING BELOW HER -- A BRANCH. Because JESUS CHRIST -- WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

She's fucking PERCHED on a tree branch TWENTY FUCKING FEET OFF THE JUNGLE FLOOR!

8 EXT. JUNGLE - TREE - SAME 8

Kate tries to process how the fuck she got UP here -- DAZED. But right now, INSTINCT takes over -- SHE NEEDS TO GET DOWN. Using her climbing skills, she swings and drops from branch to branch, until -- FOOMP! She LANDS ON THE GROUND.

9 EXT. JUNGLE GROUND - NIGHT 9

ON KATE as she BLINKS -- LOOKS AROUND -- CONFUSED -- MOONLIGHT bounces off the surrounding JUNGLE, but it is DARK. Kate brings her hands to her EARS -- the sounds of the jungle still MUFFLED -- what the fuck is going on?!

10 EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT 10

Kate walks through the jungle looking left and right --

KATE
Hello...?

But nothing but MUFFLED/RINGING JUNGLE NOISE in response. Fuck it -- she has NO CHOICE -- walks deeper into the jungle, looking for anything that might trigger recognition.

She moves on and -- WAIT -- Kate HEARS SOMETHING. Was that a TWIG SNAP? She can't be sure, but she slows, her spidey-sense triggered, and moves forward more cautiously --

That's when a hand LANDS ON HER SHOULDER.

Kate doesn't even THINK -- On INSTINCT, she SPINS AROUND and uses the person's momentum to throw them forward -- SMASHING THEM AGAINST A ROCK WALL, her forearm against the THROAT of --

10 CONTINUED: 10

MILES. And he's in his DHARMA JUMPSUIT.

MILES
Hey -- whoa! Kate... it's me!
Miles! It's okay...

He's SHOUTING, words MUFFLED as Kate lets him go --

KATE
What... happened? Where are we?

Miles shakes his head -- he's just as CONFUSED as she is --

MILES
I can barely hear you -- are your ears ringing? Do you -- ?

But Kate's eyes WIDEN, suddenly seeing something BEHIND Miles on the rock face wall. HER FACE FALLS as she steps forward, starts PULLING VINES AWAY FROM IT. Miles furrows his brow -- *

MILES (CONT'D)
What? What is it?!?

KATE
We're back. *

And Kate TAKES OFF RUNNING. Miles turns to see what she UNCOVERED -- A DAMAGED METAL DOOR. WITH A DHARMA SWAN LOGO ON IT. And as Miles SHOUTS AFTER HER --

MILES
Back... where?!? *

11 EXT. JUNGLE - HATCH SITE - NIGHT 11

Kate PLOWS THROUGH THE DARK JUNGLE -- and as she does, the SOUND gradually becomes less and less COTTONY -- the GIACCHINO BUILDING with each step until she finally --

BURSTS OUT into a CLEARING. Her HEART PUMPING. ON KATE as she STOPS. SWALLOWS HARD as her worst fears are confirmed --

KATE
No...

And now, as we BOOM UP, Kate walks up to THE EDGE OF THE HATCH CRATER.

And this IS NOT the work site she just left in 1977. Because we've BEEN HERE BEFORE -- a deep, sloped PIT filled with the twisted METAL REMNANTS and EXPOSED BEAMS of the EXPLODED SWAN STATION. Kate blinks, OVERWHELMED BY IT ALL.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 11

Miles emerges from the jungle behind her. Takes it IN.

MILES
Guess we're not in 1977, huh? *

But Kate IGNORES him because -- SHIT -- she's just SEEN --

JACK and SAWYER. Both of them OUT COLD. In their DHARMA JUMPSUITS on the crater rim. Lying just a few feet from each other. Kate doesn't even THINK -- moves to --

JACK. She drops to her knees, SHAKES HIM, Rolling him over --

KATE
Jack... Can you hear me? Jack!

And now, Jack's eyes FLUTTER open. He's DISORIENTED. His face BLOODIED. But there's a SPARK when Jack sees Kate. For a brief fucking second he seems HOPEFUL...

JACK
What... happened? Where are we?

KATE
At the hatch.

ON JACK. No. HE SITS UP, looking PAST HER -- seeing the JUNGLE. And more importantly, the HATCH CRATER. He BLINKS. Processing this. Then. Not wanting it to be fucking TRUE --

JACK
They... built it?

KATE
(a beat; then)
Yeah. They built it.

ON JACK. Coming to immediate grips with what this fucking means. THAT HE FAILED. Shakes his head, CONFUSED --

JACK
No... This wasn't supposed to --

-- WHAM! A fucking BOOT SMASHES INTO JACK'S FACE! JACK NEVER SAW IT COMING -- THE MOMENTUM SENDS HIM TUMBLING DOWN THE SLOPE OF THE CRATER! Kate looks up -- ALARMED to see --

KATE
Sawyer...?

Looks like SAWYER'S AWAKE. His eyes burn with pure RAGE as he stumbles -- DAZED -- down into the PIT after Jack. Kate moves after him as he SHOUTS at Jack --

(CONTINUED)

SAWYER
You were wrong!

Kate catches up, grabs his arm, trying to keep him from Jack -- now DAZED at the bottom of the CRATER, NOT FIGHTING BACK.

KATE	SAWYER
James... stop. Just -- we don't know what happened --	-- I know what happened!

Sawyer points to the TWISTED METAL -- the ANGER AND THE HURT just coming off him in fucking WAVES.

SAWYER (CONT'D)
That's the damn Swan hatch -- blown up just like we left it!
(back to Jack)
You said we could stop it from ever gettin' built -- that our plane would never crash on this damn island. But here we are! We're
not at LAX -- you blew us right *
back where we (fucking) started. *

Sawyer pulls away from Kate now, REACHES Jack, grabs him by the LAPELS of his JUMPSUIT. Face to face --

SAWYER (CONT'D)
Except Juliet is dead. She's (fucking) dead, you sonofabitch. Because you were wrong.

ON JACK. And what can he say? Because everything Sawyer just said is undeniably fucking TRUE.

JACK
I'm sorry... I -- I thought we were supposed to...
(then; heartbreaking)
I thought it would work.

ON SAWYER. Sees Jack's pain. And doesn't fucking CARE.

SAWYER
Well it didn't.

And that would be that. We would have to continue to deal with the fact that Jack's heroic actions in the season finale were a complete fucking FAILURE. Except for one thing.

That slowly rising sound as we HOLD ON Kate, processing how FUCKED she is... a sound we've heard a billion times before over FIVE FUCKING SEASONS as we **WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH TO:**

12 INT. OCEANIC 815 - KATE'S ROW - DAY 12

KATE.

CLOUDS and blue sky through the window beside her. Yes -- we're back on Oceanic Flight 815, FLYING COMFORTABLY ALONG. A Flight Attendant reaches over THE MARSHAL sitting beside her, puts an IN-FLIGHT MEAL in front of Kate.

MARSHAL
Mmmmm. Lasagna.

And unless we forgot, the Marshal is ONE UNCTUOUS BASTARD. And now, he PLUCKS the silverware from beside the tray just as Kate reaches for it with her CUFFED HANDS --

MARSHAL (CONT'D)
Uh uh. No fork and knife for you, honey.

Kate shakes her head. And it's been a long time since we've seen her like this. The TOUGHNESS. The feral INDEPENDENCE.

KATE
What -- you think I'm gonna do? Stab you and run?

The Marshal just looks at her. ENJOYING this. Then --

MARSHAL
I'm not worried about you stabbing me, Austen. I just want to see you eat with your hands.

ON KATE. Doing little to hide that she fucking HATES THIS MAN. And just then -- BUMP! -- a passenger in the aisle accidentally JARS the Marshal with his hip --

MARSHAL (CONT'D)
Hey. Watch where you're going.

And we TILT UP TO REVEAL who he's BARKING AT --

SAWYER. Clean-shaven. Handsome. Shiny and new as when we first met him. He holds up his hands, EASY NOW --

SAWYER
Sorry... my bad.

ON KATE. Self-consciously sliding her CUFFED HANDS under her tray table (did he see them?) as Sawyer gives her the ONCE OVER for THE VERY FIRST TIME. A GRIN -- he likes what he sees. But Kate ICES him, looks away, so --

13 INT. OCEANIC 815 - SAWYER'S ROW - SAME 13

Sawyer scoooches past a RUMPLED, MIDDLE-AGED MAN standing in the aisle who seems incredibly FAMILIAR --

ARZT
Say it! C'mon... Just say it!

Shit. It's DR. LESLIE ARZT. Had this plane crashed, he would've ended up BLOWING UP. But that never happened. Sawyer settles into his seat as Arzt continues to CAJOLE --

ARZT (CONT'D)
Please. Just once.

MAN (O.S.)
I really don't want to, dude.

Wait. "Dude"? And now, Arzt leans back to REVEAL --

HURLEY. Earphones around his neck. COMIC in his hand. Doing his best to maintain a low profile and FAILING --

ARZT
C'mon. I love the commercials...
Just do the Australian accent.
Then I'll leave you alone, man.

HURLEY
Fine. All right...
(his catchphrase)
"Oi, have a cluckity-cluck day,
mate."

Arzt lets loose a BROAD SMILE, very satisfied. Turns to Sawyer, points to Hurley --

ARZT
You know who this guy is? Owner of Mr. Clucks Chicken. Riding coach
with the rest of us yutzes!

But Sawyer's now reading a MAGAZINE, could give two shits --

SAWYER
How about that.

ARZT
(back to Hurley)
I consider myself a bit of an
aspiring entrepreneur -- you mind
if I ask how a guy like you ends up
owning a major corporation?

(CONTINUED)

HURLEY
(shrugs; why not?)
I won the lottery and I like chicken. So I bought it.

ON SAWYER as he hears this. His eyes FLASH. WHEELS TURNING. Arzt, meanwhile, seems a little BITTER... JEALOUS, perhaps?

ARZT
Huh. Well. Good for you.

And with that, Arzt DEPARTS down the aisle. Hurley goes to put his headphones back on, but right before he does --

SAWYER
You shouldn't tell people you won the lottery.

Hurley looks up, registers Sawyer (who still APPEARS to be casually reading his magazine) across the aisle --

HURLEY
Yeah? Why not?

SAWYER
'Cause they'll take advantage of you, that's why not.

HURLEY
(smiles; unbothered)
Thanks for the advice, dude. But that's not gonna happen.

ON SAWYER. Smiles BACK -- looks like a hungry CAT playing with a fucking MOUSE -- and why wouldn't he? He's a fucking CONFIDENCE MAN.

SAWYER
It's not, huh?

HURLEY
Nope. Nothing bad ever happens to me, man...

Huh? WHAT? And now, Hurley leans across the aisle, couldn't possibly be more CHEERY as he says --

HURLEY (CONT'D)
I'm the luckiest guy alive.

Wait a second. THAT doesn't feel right. Not at ALL. Because wasn't Hurley miserable flying back from Australia? Wasn't he fucking CURSED? And we **WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH TO:**

14 EXT. JUNGLE - OUTSIDE DHARMA VAN - NIGHT 14

THE UNLUCKIEST GUY ALIVE.

HURLEY
WHAT JUST HAPPENED?!?!

And we're ON HURLEY. Slightly HYSTERICAL. Still in his Dharma JUMPSUIT. And right now, he's cradling --

SAYID. Who's STRUGGLING TO BREATHE and COUGHING UP BLOOD. The GUNSHOT WOUND in his stomach is BLEEDING OUT, and he's barely hanging on to life. Sayid's back is pressed up against the DHARMA VAN as we REVEAL Hurley is talking to --

JIN. Scrambling out from inside the van, just as confused, but a little less fucking PANICKED about it --

JIN
I found a flashlight.

It's coming back to us now -- these three were left on the outskirts of the WORK SITE in the finale.

HURLEY
Dude... who cares?! It just turned from day to night! What happened?!

JIN
I think we moved through time.

Hurley PROCESSES this. A beat. Another. Then --

HURLEY
How do you know that? *

JIN
White flash. Headache. Can't hear. It happened to me before.

Hurley also presses at his ears, processing this --

HURLEY
So, what about Jack and everybody? Did they "move through time," too?

JIN
I don't know -- they took one of the other vans up to the work site... then I heard gunfire, but --

HURLEY
-- Shhhhhhhh. You hear that, dude?

(CONTINUED)

And now Jin DOES hear something. As do WE. Sounds like a MAN... a man SHOUTING. ON HURLEY, smiling, a sense of RELIEF as he recognizes that VOICE --

HURLEY (CONT'D)
It's Sawyer. Yelling at somebody.

Sure enough, FAINTLY and barely AUDIBLE, Sawyer YELLING -- *"We're right back where we started."* Jin turns to Hurley --

JIN
Stay here with Sayid.

And Jin TAKES OFF INTO THE JUNGLE AS WE SMASH CUT TO:

15 EXT. JUNGLE - HATCH SITE - NIGHT 15

BACK INSIDE THE HATCH CRATER. And Jack and Sawyer are more or less right where we LEFT THEM. Sawyer fucking OUTRAGED as Jack tries to pick up the pieces as BETWEEN THEM --

Kate and Miles do everything they can to keep Sawyer from ripping Jack's fucking HEAD off. Everybody talking at ONCE:

KATE
James... just back off. We don't even know how we got here --

JACK	SAWYER
The bomb. It must've gone off --	-- If a (fucking) atom bomb went off, do you think we'd still be standing here?!?
-- I... I don't know...	
	-- That's right. You don't. For once you don't know.

Suddenly a VOICE calls from above --

JIN (O.S.)
HEY!

Both men look up, SQUINTING IN THE FLASHLIGHT BEAM shining in their eyes, now lowering to reveal --

Jin has arrived. His relief at seeing them compounded by his realization at WHERE he is seeing them. But there's no TIME:

JIN (CONT'D)
Jack... Sayid needs help.

A beat as that just LANDS. Jesus... now THIS? ON JACK --

JACK
Where is he?

JIN
With Hurley at the van. Five minutes from here...

And suddenly, we're ON KATE as she hears something next to her. From within the TWISTED METAL in the crater -- CLANG!

STILL WITH Kate now as she moves closer to the sound of that noise -- CLANG. STAYING WITH HER, furrowing her brow as Sawyer continues his verbal attack in the BACKGROUND --

SAWYER (O.S.)
Whadaya say, Doc? Got another great idea to save Sayid? Maybe there's another nuke layin' ar--

KATE
-- Shut up!

And they DO. Kate turns back to the METAL. And now... we DEFINITELY fucking hear it. CLANGCLANG! Jesus Christ -- Kate SAYS it but she can't quite BELIEVE IT --

KATE (CONT'D)
I think there's someone down there.

ON JACK. MILES. SAWYER. HOLDING ON THEM for one incredibly long suspenseful and SILENT beat as they wait to hear the noise again. None of them fucking BREATHING. And now, PUSHING IN ON THE DARKNESS BENEATH THE METAL... PUSHING and --

Good Christ. We hear a faint FEMALE VOICE. WAY down there. But there no mistaking it and the single word it utters...

VOICE (O.S.)
...*Help*.

Kate and Sawyer TRADE A LOOK. Recognizing that VOICE.

KATE
Ohmygod...

And we are CLOSE ON Sawyer as he drops to his belly, shouting into the DARKNESS AT THE TOP OF HIS FUCKING LUNGS --

SAWYER
JULIET!!!

BOOM.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

16 INT. OCEANIC 815 - SUN/JIN'S ROW - DAY 16

CLOSE ON A WEDDING RING as a feminine hand nervously TWISTS it around on a delicate FINGER. TILTING UP TO REVEAL --

SUN. Her eyes... DOLEFUL. Staring. And whatever she's looking at is affecting her. And now we REVEAL --

ROSE AND BERNARD

Casually TALKING QUIETLY TO ONE OTHER with the easy intimacy that exists in a long and happy relationship. They are two people who've obviously been in love for a long, long time.

REVEAL Jin, dressed in his BUSINESS SUIT, sitting next to his wife. They speak to each other in (subtitled) KOREAN --

JIN
Why are you staring at them?

Sun realizes she's CAUGHT, SHRUGS, suddenly self CONSCIOUS --

SUN
I -- they just seem so happy.

JIN
(a beat; then)
We're happy.

Sun forces a smile --

SUN
Of course we are.

He smiles back; and just when this might thaw into a nice moment, Jin points to her collar --

JIN
Button your sweater. *

And that kind of kills it. Because in case we forgot, Jin is the same HARD-ASSED TRADITIONALIST he was in the "Pilot." And now we CUT TO:

17 INT. OCEANIC 815 - LOCKE'S ROW - SAME 17

AN AIRLINE SAFETY CARD. ILLUSTRATIONS: OXYGEN MASK AFFIXED. A PLANE LANDING IN THE WATER. HELD IN THE HANDS OF --

JOHN FUCKING LOCKE.

Locke turns the card over, continues to read as -- *

VOICE (O.S.) *
You're wasting your time, man. *

And now, Locke looks over a SLEEPING PASSENGER in the middle * seat towards THE YOUNG MAN speaking to him and CHRIST -- *

It's BOONE. And it's fucking EMOTIONAL -- so GOOD to see him again. He nods to the CARD in Locke's hand -- *

BOONE *
If this plane goes down in the *
ocean way out here, our chances of
survival are exactly zero.

LOCKE
Actually, in calm seas with a good
pilot, we could survive a water
landing. And the fuel tanks are
buoyant enough to keep us afloat
'til we got in the life rafts.

Boone just looks at him. Impressed. Then SMILES.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
...What?

BOONE
No, it's just impressive that you
knew all that.
(smiles)
If we go down in this thing, I'm
sticking with you.

Locke smiles back. Okay.

BOONE (CONT'D)
So what were you doing in
Australia? Business or pleasure?

ON LOCKE. A measured beat. Locke is reticent.

LOCKE
Pleasure. You? *

BOONE
I was down there trying to get my *
sister out of a bad relationship, *
which, it turned out, she didn't *
want to get out of. So here I am, *
flying back alone. Which is the *
opposite of pleasure. *
(MORE)

BOONE (CONT'D)
(then)
So what... you were just down under for vacation? * * *

LOCKE *
(pause)
Actually, I went on a walkabout. *

HOLD ON. Did he just say...?

BOONE
You're kidding -- like Crocodile Dundee or something?

Locke shakes his head, modest --

LOCKE
Not exactly... but it was pretty intense. We spent ten days in the outback with nothing but our packs and our knives. Slept under the stars, made our own fires, hunted our own food.

Okay. We GET that some things are DIFFERENT on Oceanic 815. Desmond is on board. Hurley is lucky. But are we saying... is it possible... that Locke ISN'T in a fucking WHEELCHAIR?!?

Boone, however, is purely IMPRESSED. Just like on the island, he is pretty much in AWE of Locke --

BOONE
Wow... I wouldn't make it two days without my cell phone.
(then; grins)
You're not pulling my leg, are you?

LOCKE
Why would I pull your leg?

ON LOCKE. Smiles back, but in his eyes? SERIOUS AS FUCK. And we're about to appreciate the TRUE FUCKING IMPACT OF THOSE WORDS AS WE **WHOOOOOOOOOSH** TO --

18 INT. FOOT - NIGHT 18

A KNIFE. ORANGE FIRELIGHT dancing across its bloody BLADE as a hand reaches down to pick it up off the ROCK FLOOR.

JOHN LOCKE'S HAND.

Or whatever John Locke has become. Because this is not at all the same man we just saw on the plane. Not even CLOSE.

Locke picks the murder weapon up off the ground, WIPING the BLOOD against his PANT LEG as we WIDEN to reveal the ROOM we're in. Well, technically, it's not a room. It's a FOOT.

A FIRE still burns at the center -- illuminating PILLARS, and a large TAPESTRY hanging on the far wall. Locke crosses to the tapestry, USES the knife to cut off the LOWER CORNER. Obviously, we DO NOT see what is on this. Slips the piece of WOVEN CLOTH into his pocket as he turns --

LOCKE
You can stop staring at the fire.
He's gone.

And now, we BOOM AROUND to reveal who Locke is TALKING TO --

BENJAMIN LINUS. STARING at the FIRE PIT. His EXPOSED PALMS covered in BLOOD. Still SHAKING. Because in case we forgot? He just stabbed Jacob to death.

Ben is clearly STUNNED by what he's just done -- can't quite connect himself to his own actions. NUMB --

BEN
Why... didn't he fight back? Why
did he just let me kill him?!

GOOD FUCKING QUESTION. But Locke just shrugs --

LOCKE
Guess he knew he was beaten.

Jesus. What does THAT mean? Now, Locke walks over to Ben. Kneels down beside him.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
Ben. I need you to go outside and
tell Richard I need to talk to him.

Ben looks up at Locke for the first time. Still fucking CONFUSED. Remember -- he still doesn't know what WE do.

BEN
Talk to him about... what?

LOCKE
That's between Richard and me.

In other words? It's NONE OF YOUR FUCKING BUSINESS. And now, Locke hands Ben his CANTEEN --

LOCKE (CONT'D)
Might want to wash your hands. Unless, of course, you want everyone outside to know what you just did.

ON BEN. Shit. Realizing how totally FUCKED he is as he unscrews the cap with shaking bloody hands, pours the water over them, WASHING them. Locke rises, but before he goes --

BEN
What did he say?

LOCKE
Excuse me?

BEN
Right before you kicked Jacob into the fire... I thought I heard him say something to you.

ON LOCKE. His eyes betray fucking NOTHING.

BEN (CONT'D)
It sounded like he said... "They're coming."

Right. That's EXACTLY what Jacob said. And now, Locke's eyes DO betray something that looks a lot like CONCERN. But he quickly BOTTLES IT. And now. With a MUCH HARDER EDGE --

LOCKE
Go get Richard, Ben.

And we HOLD ON BEN... genuinely FRIGHTENED, Locke walking away from him as we SMASH CUT TO:

19 EXT. JUNGLE - HATCH CRATER - NIGHT 19

A METAL GIRDER RISES THROUGH THE FRAME and comes crashing down. **CLANG.** HEAVED ASIDE by --

Sawyer and Jack. Nothing between them is resolved. But for the moment they work to CLEAR A PATH TO Juliet, FAR BELOW.

SAWYER
Let's move that one next!

They LIFT AND CLANG another STEEL BEAM ASIDE. Sawyer is the leader here as he SHOUTS --

SAWYER (CONT'D)
JULIET, HANG ON, WE'RE COMIN'!

WE FIND Kate, Miles and Jin working from the other side of the CRATER, looking for anything they can to use as a tool to PRY THE FUCKING METAL. And Jin has some catching up to do, asks the SIXTY FOUR THOUSAND DOLLAR QUESTION --

JIN
I don't understand... how is Juliet down there?

MILES
(shakes his head; a guess)
Wherever we were, that's where we showed up here.
(then; darkly)
She was underground. Deep.

ON KATE, looking back towards Jack and Sawyer -- they've managed to create a SMALL OPENING -- a tunnel of sorts -- but it's blocked by a HEAVY GIRDER. Jack and Sawyer TRY AND SHOULDER IT ASIDE but it's TOO HEAVY TO MOVE.

SAWYER
We get this damn beam aside -- I can get in there!

JACK
We can lift it. Try again.

Clearly Jack is JUST as invested in getting to Juliet as Sawyer is. They STAIN WITH EFFORT... to no avail.

SAWYER
It's not movin'! We need something to pull it...
(turns; an IDEA)
Jin! The van -- there's chains in it! Go get it!

Jin looks at him. Immediately understands. And NODS.

SAWYER (CONT'D)
GO.

And Jin doesn't need to be told TWICE. Turns, scaling the side of the CRATER AS HE HEADS INTO THE JUNGLE AND WE CUT TO:

20 EXT. JUNGLE - OUTSIDE DHARMA VAN - NIGHT 20

A DISGUSTING FUCKING WOUND. BLOOD AND VISCERA and all kinds of NASTINESS. Panning up to find --

HURLEY
Ohgodohmygodthisisgrossohgod...

Averting his EYES as he pours some water over Sayid's STOMACH -- changing the BLOOD-SOAKED dressing with a fresh SHRED OF CLOTH as he tries not to PASS OUT. Then he realizes this probably isn't good for Sayid's morale.

HURLEY (CONT'D)
Don't worry, dude. Help's on the way. Jack or Sawyer or somebody's gonna have a plan.

ON SAYID -- in and out of CONSCIOUSNESS -- looks at him now. Serious. And SCARED --

SAYID
When I die... what do you think will happen to me?

Hurley furrows his brow, still changing the dressing, not really a question he wants to take on --

HURLEY
Try not to talk, dude.

But Sayid is savvy enough to know better --

SAYID
I've tortured more people than I can remember. Murdered. Lied. Wherever I'm going...
(a beat; then)
It will be very unpleasant.

HURLEY
C'mon, Sayid, don't --

SAYID
-- _I deserve it_.

And Hurley doesn't know what the fuck to say. But he doesn't have to because Sayid's eyes CLOSE and he drifts into UNCONSCIOUSNESS. Hurley gets CONCERNED --

HURLEY
Dude? Sayid?! Can you hear me?

Sayid is STILL BREATHING but UNRESPONSIVE. Then Hurley hears a RUSTLING NOISE in the BUSHES. He calls over, NERVOUSLY --

HURLEY (CONT'D)
Hello...?

No answer. SHIT. Hurley is fucking SCARED here. Now that Sayid is passed out, he's ALONE and _starting to FREAK_.

HURLEY (CONT'D)
Jin?
(still no response)
Jin...?

Hurley gets up nervously, goes into the van AND GRABS A GUN. Hurley MOVES TOWARD THE BUSHES where he heard the NOISE.

HURLEY (CONT'D)
I've got a gun!

Hurley FUMBLES with the WEAPON. Can't get it to COCK. Nevertheless, he PLAYS TOUGH.

HURLEY (CONT'D)
And I know how to shoot it!

RUSTLE. RUSTLE. Hurley SPINS AROUND. FUCK! Because he HEARS the RUSTLING BEHIND HIM! Whoever has just walked out has Hurley DEAD TO RIGHTS.

Hurley's face falls as he realizes that he's FUCKED. He slowly turns to SEE who's there -- and it's --

JACOB.

Good fucking CHRIST! Not at all who Hurley expected to see! And it's startling because the last time we saw Jacob he was getting STABBED and SHOVED into a FIRE PIT -- and BURNED UP.

But HERE HE STANDS. NORMAL. UNSCATHED. Not a SCRATCH on him. And now? He takes a step forward and says casually as can fucking be --

JACOB
Hello, Hugo.
(then)
Got a minute?

BOOM.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

21 EXT. BEACH - FOOT STATUE - NIGHT 21

A BONFIRE CRACKLES, SPARKS shooting into the night sky, the light flickering off --

The STATUE OF THE FOUR-TOED FOOT. Most definitely NOT underwater as we continue to TRACK BACK, PAST --

RICHARD ALPERT engaged in a heated (but inaudible) CONVERSATION with our mysterious AJIRAS -- ILANA and BRAM.

THIRTY ARMED OTHERS huddle around CAMPFIRE, nervously looking towards the FOOT as we RACK FOCUS TO find the only people here who AREN'T fucking MYSTERIOUS --

Sun and LAPIDUS. Sun narrows her eyes, quietly INTENSE as she nods towards Ilana and Bram, asks what we've been wondering since the goddamn FINALE --

SUN
Who are they?

Lapidus scoffs. Good fucking question --

LAPIDUS
Well, other than the fact that I *
know they came on the Ajira flight *
with us, all I know is they knocked *
me out, dragged my ass to a cabin --
which they promptly burned down --
then brought me here along with the
dead guy in the box. Who are they?
(deadpan)
They said they were the good guys.

Sun turns to him. Eyes WIDE. Is he fucking serious? And Lapidus shakes his head, commiserating --

LAPIDUS (CONT'D)
Yeah. I didn't buy it either.

And now, we CUT TO:

A22 THE "GOOD GUYS" THEMSELVES A22

Ilana, Bram and Alpert. Speaking in intense, but quiet voices -- incredible TENSION as Bram points to the FOOT --

BRAM
We need to go in there. Now.

(CONTINUED)

ALPERT
And do what?

BRAM
My job. C'mon!

ON ILANA. And whatever "job" he's referring to, she's not entirely sold. Bram unshoulders his rifle, ALL BUSINESS... but Alpert isn't fucking standing for it. Gets right in his FACE -- a side of him we rarely see -- A DANGEROUS ONE.

ALPERT
Listen to me and listen carefully.
No one goes in there unless Jacob invites them in.

PISSING CONTEST. Alpert stares at Bram. Bram stares at Alpert. And just before it gets out of hand --

ILANA
Richard...

Alpert turns. Ilana looks at him with a mixture of SYMPATHY and UNDERSTANDING. Softly --

ILANA (CONT'D)
That's why we're here. Because Jacob invited us.

AH. Well. That's an interesting fucking NUGGET. Alpert clearly has SOME sense of who the fuck these people are, even if WE don't. But that doesn't make him happy about it. Shakes his head --

ALPERT
Asking me what's in the shadow of the damn statue doesn't mean you're in charge.

And Ilana HARDENS. Throws it right BACK --

ILANA
Then who is?

Well. That's a pretty good fucking QUESTION. But before Richard has an opportunity to answer it --

VOICE (O.S.)
Richard.

All three turn towards the sound of the voice... and JESUS, they were so involved with each other, they didn't even see --

BEN. Walking towards them. Alpert peels away from Bram, ACTIVATED --

ALPERT
Ben. What... happened in there?

ON BEN. Still looking rather SHELL-SHOCKED, but trying his very best to fucking HIDE IT.

BEN
Everything's fine.
(then)
John wants to speak to you.

Alpert furrows his brow, but before he can say anything -- *
Ilana SPEAKS UP. GENUINELY CONCERNED -- *

ILANA *
Is Jacob all right?

Ben turns his attention away from Alpert. Takes in Ilana. A *
beat. Then --

BEN
I'm sorry... Who are you?

But Alpert is increasingly CONCERNED. Steps up to Ben --

ALPERT
Answer her question, Ben. *

BEN
Of course Jacob's all right.
They're both inside together --
John just wants to talk to you.

And JESUS. Ben is a good fucking LIAR. He would be entirely convincing if not for one glaring ERROR. ON ALPERT. Then --

ALPERT
John wants to talk to me?

BEN
That's right.

And now, Alpert's ANGER returns. Reaches out, GRABS Ben by the fucking ARM -- STARTS TO PULL HIM ACROSS THE BEACH --

BEN (CONT'D)
-- Richard? What are you doing? I don't under --

ALPERT
-- All right, Ben. I'm happy to talk to John. But before I do?

And now, Alpert THROWS BEN DOWN ON THE FUCKING SAND --

ALPERT (CONT'D)
Maybe you should talk to him first.

Ben looks up at Alpert, CONFUSED -- not following... but that's when he realizes what he's just been tossed NEXT TO.

AN OVERTURNED AJIRA CARGO CONTAINER. And spilling out of that container? A CORPSE IN A SUIT. One we remember only too well from the Finale. And Ben's eyes register first CONFUSION, then OUTRIGHT SHOCK as we PAN OVER TO REVEAL --

JOHN LOCKE'S DEAD BODY.

And as Ben looks up at Richard, HEAD SPINNING, completely fucking STUPEFIED, we SMASH CUT TO:

22 EXT. JUNGLE - OUTSIDE DHARMA VAN - NIGHT 22

JACOB.

And he's looking QUITE all right, moving at a brisk pace through the jungle as HURLEY tries to keep up behind him --

HURLEY
Hey -- where are you going, dude?

Jacob doesn't answer, just keeps moving; Hurley FIRES OFF MORE QUESTIONS --

HURLEY (CONT'D)
And what are you doing here?

Still no answer.

HURLEY (CONT'D)
I mean, I meet you in a taxi and you know everything about me and then you give me a plane ticket... which just so happens to get me back here on the island? How'd you know that was gonna happen...?!

Jacob still says nothing, breaks through the BRUSH INTO --

A23 EXT. JUNGLE - DHARMA VAN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS A23

The clearing with the Dharma van. Hurley out of breath, nipping at his heels --

HURLEY
Hello! Can you hear me?
(annoyed)
Why aren't you answering my questions?

But now, Jacob reaches Sayid. Still out cold. Looks even WORSE than the last time we saw him. Jacob kneels next to him (never touching him), looking VERY CONCERNED.

HURLEY (CONT'D)
Y'know, my friend Jin is gonna be back any second so you might wanna stop ignor--

JACOB
-- Your friend Jin isn't going to be able to see me.

That sort of STOPS Hurley in his tracks.

HURLEY
Uh... why not?

Jacob turns to him. Then, without any sense of fear, sadness or remorse, he simply says --

JACOB
Because I died an hour ago.

Hurley lets that LAND. Whoa. But as this is far from the first time he's SEEN a dead person, he's not particularly freaked, either. In fact, he's oddly ACCEPTING.

HURLEY
Sorry, man. That sucks.

Jacob smiles, appreciative --

JACOB
Thanks.

HURLEY
(a beat; then)
How'd you die?

JACOB
I was killed by an old friend who grew tired of my company.

HURLEY
Some friend.

Jacob nods. But he's pretty ACCEPTING, too --

JACOB
It is what it is.

And now, a beat as they just look at each other. Hurley raises an eyebrow, somehow KNOWS THE DRILL --

HURLEY
You want me to do something crazy again, don't you?

JACOB
No.
(a beat; then)
I want you to save Sayid, Hugo.

BAM. Whoa. There it fucking is. THE MISSION. Hurley shakes his head, instantly and immediately OVERWHELMED --

HURLEY
Well... that's where Jin went to get Jack so --

JACOB
-- Jin can't help him.

And the OMINOUSNESS of that can't be denied. Jacob steps forward now. INTENSE.

JACOB (CONT'D)
You need to bring Sayid to the Temple. It's the only chance he has, and the rest of you will be safe there.

HURLEY
"The Temple"? Am I, like, supposed to know what that is?

JACOB
Jin knows. Tell him to take you to the hole in the wall where he went with the French team. He'll know what that means.
(beat)
(MORE)

JACOB (CONT'D)
Through that opening you can get into the Temple.

Hurley tries to ABSORB ALL OF THIS. Looks over at Sayid, who is FADING AWAY with every ticking second --

JACOB (CONT'D)
And Hugo? Do you still have the guitar case I gave you?

HURLEY
Yeah.

JACOB
Bring it.

Hurley NODS. Okay. OKAY. But he's still missing one critical piece of information --

HURLEY
Dude, who are you?

JACOB
(smiles)
I'm Jacob.

And Hurley would have about a THOUSAND MORE QUESTIONS were it not for the sound of someone CRASHING THROUGH THE BUSHES BEHIND HIM -- Hurley spins, SEES --

Jin ARRIVING. OUT OF BREATH. Sees Hurley --

JIN
Hurley! Help me with Sayid... we have to get him in the van.

Hurley turns back, and of course JACOB IS FUCKING GONE. And Jin, unaware that his friend just had an incredibly meaningful encounter, heads for Sayid --

JIN (CONT'D)
C'mon. We have to go! NOW!

And OFF HURLEY, snapping out of it. Moving to follow Jin and just maybe, SAVE SAYID as we WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH TO:

23 INT. OCEANIC 815 - RESTROOM AREA - DAY 23 *

HURLEY. Sound asleep. Mouth open. HEADPHONES ON. Sitting on this pastoral image for a beat before --

The Flight Attendant -- Cindy -- BLASTS through frame, HURRIES DOWN THE AISLE past SOME OF OUR FAMILIAR FACES to the rear of the plane where she PICKS UP THE INTERCOM. She takes a moment to compose herself (something is definitely WRONG) before she keys the intercom, CALMLY announces --

CINDY
(into intercom)
Ladies and gentlemen, nothing go be alarmed about, but if there's a doctor on board, would you please ring your call button?

And as there most definitely IS, we SMASH CUT TO:

24 INT. OCEANIC 815 - JACK'S ROW - DAY 24

Jack. READING A MAGAZINE. DESMOND sits next to him, reading "Haroun and the Sea of Stories" by Salman Rushdie.

Jack looks up upon hearing the announcement... RINGS HIS CALL BUTTON. TING. Cindy comes down the aisle --

CINDY
Sir, you're a doctor?

JACK
Yeah.

CINDY
Could you come with me, please?

Jack gets up. And as they walk, Cindy FILLS HIM IN --

CINDY (CONT'D)
(sotto)
We appreciate your help... A passenger went into the restroom over half an hour ago and he's not responding when we knock.

And now, Cindy pulls aside the PRIVACY CURTAIN as --

25 INT. OCEANIC 815 - RESTROOM AREA - DAY 25 *

BANG. BANG. BANG. A MALE CREW MEMBER futilely attempts to open the lock with a HEX-KEY as A FLIGHT ATTENDANT IS RAPPING *
on the BATHROOM DOOR --

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Sir? Sir? Can you hear me?

Cindy arrives with Jack --

CINDY
This man's a doctor. If he's unconscious in there --

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
-- Our key's not working... he must've tampered with the lock.

And now, we hear an OFF SCREEN VOICE --

MAN (O.S.)
May I be of some assistance?

They all turn to SEE --

SAYID JARRAH. And not really waiting for their answer and before we can even PROCESS his presence --

KA-BANG!

Sayid SQUARES UP and KICKS THE DOOR IN! As the door smashes inward, a BODY FLOPS OUT. Jack KNEELS QUICKLY and turns the body FACE UP -- and HOLY CHRIST, it's --

CHARLIE PACE!!!!

Jesus. And the impact of seeing him is nothing short of EARTH-SHATTERING. Emotional. Devastating. HUGE. And all of it compounded by the fact that he's NOT MOVING. His skin, a gray/blue.

ON JACK, instincts kicking in -- WORRIED -- checking for a pulse as he holds his ear up to Charlie's nose and MOUTH...

And now, he looks up, INTENSE AS SHIT as he says --

JACK
He's not breathing.

OH. FUCK.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

26 EXT. JUNGLE - DHARMA VAN - DRIVING - NIGHT 26

JIN BLASTS THROUGH THE JUNGLE behind the wheel of the VAN, RACING toward the hatch. HEADLIGHTS FLARE as it SPEEDS BY...

27 INT. DHARMA VAN - NIGHT - DRIVING 27

Hurley jostles around in the back with unconscious Sayid, MORE WORRIED about him than ever.

HURLEY
Jin, if I asked you to take me to a place where there's like a hole in the wall -- where you went with the French team -- would you know what I was talking about?

Jin throws a look back, very SURPRISED --

JIN
How do you know about that?

HURLEY
Don't worry -- just, do you know how to get there?

JIN
Yes.

HURLEY
Good.

That's when Jin SKIDS TO A STOP AT THE RIM OF THE CRATER. Then BACKS UP THE VAN up to the VERY EDGE of the rim.

Now Jin jumps out and runs to the back where he retrieves an big oily CARDBOARD BOX FULL OF CHAIN. Meanwhile, below --

28 EXT. JUNGLE - HATCH CRATER - NIGHT 28

Sawyer and Kate and Jack are still trying to CLEAR AWAY DEBRIS. Sawyer looks up, SEES Jin, then --

SAWYER
Juliet, hang on! We're gonna get down there real soon!

But she doesn't answer. Kate and Sawyer trade a look --

SAWYER (CONT'D)
She ain't makin' anymore noise.

KATE
It's all right. She knows we're
here. She's just resting...

But Sawyer's not sure he's buying this. He can't help himself as he CALLS OUT AGAIN --

SAWYER
Juliet?!

Nothing back. Jack looks up as Jin jumps out.

JACK
I'll go get the chain...

Sawyer SHOVES IN FRUSTRATION AT THE BEAM blocking his access again with NO LUCK.

SAWYER
AGGHHH!!!

Sawyer can't budge it. CATCHES HIS BREATH. Now he watches Jack retrieve the CHAIN from Jin.

A STONE COLD EXPRESSION crosses Sawyer's face. Kate SEES IT. And she sees he's staring at Jack. Now Sawyer turns to HER --

SAWYER (CONT'D)
If she dies? I'll kill him.

And there's no mistaking that Sawyer fucking MEANS it.

Now Jack arrives back with THE CHAIN. Sawyer and Jack together WRAP THE CHAIN around the BEAM. As they work --

JACK
Jin's tying the other end to the
back of the van.

SAWYER
All right. Tie it off there. I
got this side...

They finish securing it. Now Sawyer TESTS THE CHAIN. It's SOLID AROUND THE BEAM. SHOUTS UP --

SAWYER (CONT'D)
Jin! We're good down here!
(to Jack, Kate and Miles)
Help me swing it outta the way when
it moves!

They position themselves along the STEAL BEAM. Meanwhile --

29 ON THE RIM - INTERCUT 29

Jin checks the TIGHTNESS of the chain ON THE TOW BAR. Then JUMPS INSIDE THE DHARMA VAN DRIVER'S SEAT as SAWYER YELLS --

SAWYER
Ready?
(they nod; calling up)
Jin... Now! Hit it!

Jin REVS the VAN. But the BEAM IS STUCK, and the WHEELS OF THE VAN SPIN PERILOUSLY CLOSE to the EDGE OF THE RIM.

Sawyer, Jack, Kate and Miles STRAIN TO SWING THE BEAM FREE --

SAWYER (CONT'D)
Floor it!

Jin STOMPS THE PEDAL. THE WHEELS SPIN; dig deeper. Finally they catch -- THE VAN SLOWLY GROANS FORWARD --

And THE BEAM LIFTS AND STARTS TO SWING FREE. Jack grabs the BEAM and gives every last FUCKING OUNCE of STRENGTH he's got left. Getting to Juliet means as much to Jack as it does to Sawyer -- but for different reasons...

Now Sawyer stands SHOULDER-TO-SHOULDER with Jack. TOGETHER with ONE FINAL back-breaking heave, the beam SWINGS FREE and -- **KERASSHHES** -- to the side! Revealing --

A HOLE down into the wreckage WIDE enough for one person to SQUEEZE into. And even though they've just exhibited the fucking DEFINITION of TEAMWORK, Sawyer's not gonna give Jack any word of thanks. Instead he says --

SAWYER (CONT'D)
Gimme the flashlight.

Jack hands the FLASHLIGHT to Sawyer, who, without a moment of hesitation, DESCENDS INTO THE WRECKAGE.

30 INT. WRECKAGE TUNNEL - NIGHT 30

Sawyer wiggles his way down, twisting through the CRAMPED space. SHINING THE LIGHT towards the BOTTOM. He pushes aside a Geronimo Jackson RECORD SLEEVE and a MANGLED BLENDER.

SAWYER
Juliet...?

No response. Sawyer scrunches around another bend in the metal tunnel, his FLASHLIGHT SHINES OVER the CRUNCHED REMAINS OF THE HATCH WASHING MACHINE AND EXERCYCLE...

(CONTINUED)

Finally the FLASHLIGHT BEAM STRIKES --

JULIET'S HAND

INERT. Just sitting there. Sawyer reacts, quickly moves a piece of metal and as it CLANGS ASIDE, he can now SEE her BLONDE HAIR and the top half of her body.

SAWYER (CONT'D)
Juliet! I'm here...

Her EYES are CLOSED and there is LOTS OF BLOOD on her clothes. Her lower body is CLAMPED under a PILE OF METAL. He leans in to her --

SAWYER (CONT'D)
Here I am. C'mon, baby. Wake up... Wake up.

He gently TOUCHES HER FACE and her EYES BLINK OPEN. She SEES Sawyer, but isn't sure what's going on --

JULIET
Where -- where are we?

SAWYER
Don't worry -- We're fine. I'm gonna get you outta here.

Juliet's eyes, however, roam the wreckage of metal all around her AS SHE REALIZES --

JULIET
(quietly; weak)
It didn't work, did it? We're still on the island.

Sawyer doesn't want to answer. Instead he PULLS UP ON the METAL trapping her lower body.

SAWYER
I just gotta get this (fucker)... loose enough to get you out...

But Juliet is starting to put it together -- Because Sawyer isn't DENYING IT. She almost laughs at the absurdity --

JULIET
I hit the bomb, but you're all still here...

Sawyer TUGS MORE FIERCELY at the metal but CANNOT FREE HER.

SAWYER
(angry; grunting)
You hit the bomb?

JULIET
I wanted you to be able to go home... I wanted to make it so you'd never have to come to this damn island...

Sawyer is TRYING TO HOLD IT TOGETHER.

SAWYER
Don't you worry about that. You're gonna be okay. And soon as I get you outta here we can all go home together...

And OFF Sawyer, fighting the TERROR AND FEAR he's feeling right now, we **WHOOOOOOSH** TO --

31 INT. OCEANIC 815 - SAWYER'S ROW - DAY 31

Sawyer in his airplane seat trying to get a better LOOK up the aisle. Something's CLEARLY GOING ON behind the CURTAIN separating us from the FRONT OF THE PLANE.

Sawyer is BUMPED from behind by Cindy, moving FAST up the aisle with a big fucking MEDICAL KIT in her hand --

SAWYER
What's goin' on up there, Earhart?

CINDY
Everything's fine, sir. Please just stay in your seat.

SAWYER
Yeah. Looks peachy.

And now, we follow Cindy as she BLASTS THROUGH THE CURTAIN --

32 INT. OCEANIC 815 - RESTROOM AREA - DAY 32 *

And it's like a fucking EMERGENCY ROOM IN HERE. Cindy hands the MEDICAL KIT TO --

Jack -- INTENSE AND FOCUSED HERE. Old school, take-charge -- jacket off, tie loosened. Checking VITALS of --

CHARLIE. And he looks at least one shade BLUER than we last saw him. Jack turns to Sayid --

JACK
Sir, I need your help.

Sayid kneels down over Charlie, opposite Jack --

SAYID
What can I do?

Jack QUICKLY opens the MEDICAL KIT and DIGS THROUGH IT. He finds a BAG VALVE MASK (BVM) and yanks it out.

Jack pushes the MASK portion into Sayid's hands --

JACK
Hold this over his nose and mouth. You need to create an air seal. If you feel any air spilling out of the sides, you need to re-seal it.

SAYID
All right. Now?

JACK
Yeah... Now.

Sayid takes the mask portion and firmly presses it over Charlie's GRIM FACE...

And Jack starts SQUEEZING air into Charlie's lungs. But it's not working.

He SQUEEZES the bag again. STILL NOT WORKING. FUCK! NOW Jack is fucking WORRIED. And so are we. Because Charlie Pace is fucking DYING right before our eyes. AGAIN.

JACK (CONT'D)
Something's blocking his airway. I'm gonna need to open it up.

Jack reaches into his breast pocket as he turns to Cindy --

JACK (CONT'D)
I need something sharp... real sharp. A razor...

WHAT THE FUCK?! Is Jack actually going to perform a make-shift TRACHEOTOMY on Charlie, battlefield style? He rifles through his pockets, but comes up empty...

JACK (CONT'D)
I had a pen. I need a pen --

SAYID
-- A pen?

JACK (CONT'D) *
(fuck; he can't do this)
Dammit.

And now, left no other fucking CHOICE, Jack PULLS the mask off of Charlie's mouth, tilts his head back and SWEEPS Charlie's AIRWAY with his FINGER. In other words --

Jack has half his fucking hand in Charlie's throat. And now, his eyes REGISTER something --

JACK (CONT'D)
Got it.

Jack HOOKS his finger, REMOVES HIS HAND and out POPS... A PLASTIC BAGGIE. BROWN POWDER inside it. Jack DROPS it onto the floor near Charlie's head just as --

Charlie GASPS! His airway NOW CLEAR -- SUCKING IN BREATH -- his whole body RACKS with the force of his COUGHING. Thank God -- he's ALIVE.

A FLUTTER OF CLAPPING breaks out amongst the NEARBY PASSENGERS who can see this all happening. Jack ignores it, puts a calming HAND on Charlie's chest --

JACK (CONT'D)
Relax. Just breathe.

Meanwhile, Sayid picks up the crumpled BAGGIE and EXAMINES the CHUNKS of BROWN POWDER inside. Obviously DRUGS.

And we're ON CHARLIE NOW. He BLINKS. Eyes coming into focus as he sees Jack leaning over him. And he speaks the first words we've heard him speak in a LONG, LONG TIME --

CHARLIE
Am I... alive?

JACK
(smiles; relieved)
Yeah. You're alive.

HOLD ON Charlie for a beat. Because he doesn't appear to be taking that news particularly well. In fact, he seems downright fucking DISAPPOINTED as he says --

CHARLIE
Terrific.

And OFF JACK, CONFUSED, not exactly the gratitude he was expecting having just saved this STRANGER'S LIFE, we **WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH TO:**

33 EXT. BEACH - FOOT STATUE - NIGHT 33

JOHN LOCKE'S SUITED CORPSE. Jutting out of the AJIRA CONTAINER where we left it. Now, TILTING UP TO FIND -- *

Ben. And man, is he having a ROUGH FUCKING DAY. He's staring at the body, processing everything it represents. That he's been lied to. Manipulated. PLAYED. And now --

Alpert ENTERS FRAME. Kneels down next to Ben. His ANGER from the previous scene dialled down slightly... his more familiar, calming self as he softly says --

ALPERT
Ben. You need to talk to me.

But Ben just sits there, staring at Locke. Alpert NODS TWENTY YARDS down the beach where --

Ilana, Bram and the other two Ajiras are getting READY TO ROCK. LOADING THEIR RIFLES, etc.

ALPERT (CONT'D)
I can't stop them unless you tell me what happened in there. What happened to Jacob.
(a beat; sincere)
You and I have known each other for thirty years, Ben. I'm asking you this as a friend.

And now, finally, Ben LOOKS at him. "Friend"? And as EVEN as his tone is, we hear the simmering ANGER beneath --

BEN
If you want to know what happened, Richard, why don't you go inside and find out?

ON ALPERT. Deeply UNSETTLED by that. NOW WE CUT TO:

34 THE AJIRA GROUP 34

ON ILANA as Bram SLAMS the magazine into his rifle, SHOUTS to the THREE MEN ARMING UP A FEW FEET AWAY -- *

BRAM
Burditt. Wolf. Salinger. Let's do this. *

And we play this on the MOVE NOW, all of them striding down the beach like COMMANDOES dropped into hostile territory. Which is EXACTLY WHAT THEY FUCKING ARE. * * *

BRAM (CONT'D) *
You're not coming in, Ilana. *

ILANA *
What?!? *

BRAM
Jacob wouldn't want you to and you *
know it. You stay out here. *

ON ILANA. Absorbing that. Clearly, there's MORE to it. But *
Ilana ain't happy about it -- *

ILANA *
You just want me to just... sit out *
here and do nothing? *

Now Bram becomes SERIOUS; SOTTO -- *

BRAM *
She's a candidate, Ilana. If *
something happens to us... who's
gonna protect her? *

"Candidate"? "Her"? And now, both of them TURN, look *
slightly down the beach TO SEE --

Sun. Sitting at a fire with Lapidus. Unaware that she's
being discussed in fucking MAJOR WAY. *

BRAM (CONT'D) *
You have to keep her safe. The sun *
comes up in twenty minutes. If *
we're not out by then...? *
(beat)
Run.

ON ILANA, absorbing the fact that she's being BENCHED -- But *
they've NOW REACHED Ben and Alpert. *

Bram doesn't HESITATE, grabs Ben by the scruff of his neck --
ROUGH -- PULLS HIM TO HIS FEET as Alpert protests --

ALPERT
What're you d-- ?

BRAM
-- We're going in. And he's
coming with us. *

And it's clearly not up for DEBATE anymore as Bram YANKS Ben
at gunpoint down the beach, TILTING UP TO REVEAL --

They're HEADING FOR THE FUCKING FOOT.

34 CONTINUED: (2) 34

And as Richard and Ilana stay behind, we HOLD ON THEIR WORRIED GLANCE and SMASH CUT TO:

35 EXT. JUNGLE - HATCH SITE - NIGHT 35

WE'RE ON Kate. Pretty much wondering the same thing. She's staring down into the TUNNEL OF METAL wanting to know where Sawyer is. *

KATE
Sawyer?!

She stares down into THE BLACKNESS.

KATE (CONT'D)
Is she okay...?!

And now finally Sawyer responds --

SAWYER (O.S.)
I'm workin' on it!

36 OMITTED 36

37 OMITTED 37

38 OMITTED 38

39 INT. WRECKAGE TUNNEL - NIGHT 39

Because now Sawyer takes a piece of THICK REBAR he's found and uses it like a crowbar to try and PRY AWAY THE METAL trapping Juliet's lower body.

It's a brutally hard effort -- but like an adrenalin-charged parent lifting a car off a baby, Sawyer finally SCRUNCHES THE METAL ASIDE enough for him to PULL JULIET FREE AND INTO HIS ARMS.

SAWYER
I got you... Don't worry...

She's BLOODY and LIMP and BARELY CLINGING TO CONSCIOUSNESS. She looks up into Sawyer's face and meets his eyes -- but it's as if she's COMPLETELY ELSEWHERE --

JULIET
We should get coffee some time...

Sawyer's not comprehending --

SAWYER
I'm gonna get you outta here...

JULIET
(happy smile)
...We can go Dutch. *

Juliet is NOT HERE.

SAWYER
C'mon, Juliet, it's me...

Juliet now raises her gaze to MEET SAWYER'S LOOK and she drifts back into LUCIDITY. Her eyes are wet, and she stares into Sawyer's face almost like she's trying to memorize it. And then she says, softly --

JULIET
Kiss me, James...

And Sawyer? His own EYES FILL WITH TEARS as he leans in and KISSES HER back. And it's a simple, gentle kiss -- full of everything they've had together over the last three years.

Finally their lips part and Juliet is starting to DRIFT AWAY AGAIN. The remaining color drains from her face and she struggles to get out her words --

JULIET (CONT'D)
You need to know something, James... It's very important...

SAWYER
I'm here. Tell me...

But that's all she's able to say. Suddenly she GOES STILL. And Sawyer can't accept it. He's NOT READY TO LET HER GO...

SAWYER (CONT'D)
Juliet...? I'm listening, tell me.

He CRADLES her. TEARS STREAMING down his face. But she's fucking GONE.

SAWYER (CONT'D)
I'm here... I'm here...

And OFF Sawyer's HEART WRENCHING GRIEF --

BOOM.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

40 EXT. JUNGLE - HATCH CRATER - NIGHT 40

We COME IN ON Kate. Eyes scanning DEEP INTO THE TUNNEL. Searching to get a GLIMPSE of what's going on... Nothing from below but SILENCE. She quietly calls out --

KATE
...Sawyer?

But her voice only disappears into the DARKNESS. No response. If he hears her? He's IGNORING IT. MEANWHILE --

41 EXT./INT. DHARMA VAN - NIGHT 41

Jack LEANS INTO the back of the van, examining Sayid. Gently lifts the makeshift DRESSING -- takes a look at the WOUND beneath it -- JESUS.

Jack LOOKS UP at Hurley, Jin and Miles. Nervously standing by... waiting for a VERDICT. Jack shakes his head --

JACK
Even if I could get the bullet out... the bleeding won't stop.
(a beat; fuck)
There's... nothing I can do.

ON HURLEY. And he's been turning it over and over in his head... but he has no CHOICE. Makes a DECISION --

HURLEY
There's something I can do.

JACK
Hurley... I don't think --

HURLEY
-- There's a Temple. If we can get Sayid there, we can save him.

ON JACK. JIN. And finally, MILES --

MILES
And you know this... how?

HURLEY
This guy, Jacob, told me. Just before we got here.

JACK
Who's... "Jacob"?

(CONTINUED)

HURLEY
Does it matter?

SHIT. Hurley is asserting some AUTHORITY here. His tone gets serious and strong in a way we haven't heard it before --

HURLEY (CONT'D)
Can you fix Sayid, Jack?

ON JACK. And that is a brutal question. Because he is fucking DESPERATE to fix things. But after a beat, quietly --

JACK
No.

Hurley steps forward now. Shades of real LEADERSHIP here --

HURLEY
Then you have to let me do it.

A beat. Then... Jack actually NODS. And there is COMFORT in following someone else's plan. Hurley nods back, PLEASED. But this MOMENT is abruptly BROKEN UP BY --

KATE (O.S.)
James!

The GROUP TURNS TO SEE --

42 EXT. JUNGLE - HATCH CRATER NEAR TUNNEL - NIGHT 42

Kate. And she's HUNCHED over the open TUNNEL leading into the wreckage -- HELPING SOMEONE OUT -- oh no. Oh FUCK...

It's Sawyer. And in his arms -- JULIET.

ON KATE, a flicker of hope still in her eyes. And then, she meets Sawyer's gaze. He slowly, sadly shakes his head. Kate's eyes fill. SHIT. It's over.

It gets quiet now as Jack, Jin and Hurley approach. GIACCHINO'S STRINGS start to play.

And we scan their faces, FALLING, as it hits them. Juliet is fucking DEAD. ON JIN, HURLEY and, finally JACK. He looks at Sawyer and at the LIFELESS BODY in his arms. His features are PAINED. And lest we forget, Jack had feelings for Juliet, too. He was her first ally -- her first FRIEND.

Sawyer walks forward. Right up to Jack. And simply says --

SAWYER
You did this.

And as Sawyer walks past him, WE STAY ON Jack. The true CONSEQUENCES OF HIS ACTIONS washing over him. The bomb DIDN'T WORK. Sayid is DYING. Juliet is GONE. The entirety of the BLAME laid at his feet. And GIACCHINO'S STRINGS BLEED OVER THE **WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH** as WE FIND:

43 INT. OCEANIC 815 - RESTROOM AREA - DAY 43 *

Jack. Standing in the area outside the restroom drinking a glass of water. Across from him -- *

Charlie. His hands now bound in front of him in ZIP CUFFS is escorted by TWO MALE FLIGHT ATTENDANTS down the aisle. And just as he passes by, Jack, he looks at him -- *

CHARLIE
You should have let it happen.
(then)
I was supposed to die, man.

ON JACK. SURPRISED by that sentiment as the Flight Attendants keep Charlie moving. Now Cindy moves over next to him -- *

CINDY *
Don't take it personally. Some people just don't know how to say thanks. *

Jack SMILES back. Appreciates it. Then walks back to -- *

A44 INT. OCEANIC 815 - JACK'S ROW - CONTINUOUS A44 *

His seat. As he's sitting down, he notices Desmond is no longer in the seat next to his. Jack turns to Bernard and Rose -- *

JACK
Hey, do you know what happened to the guy who was sitting next to me?

Rose and Bernard shake their heads --

BERNARD
Didn't see anyone.

ROSE
We were asleep.

ON JACK. And again, that feeling that something is just... OFF. But he quickly shakes it off. And that's when --

PILOT (OVER P.A.)
Ladies and gentlemen, Captain Norris here.

And now, the GIACCHINO STRING reemerge as we HEAR THE PILOT'S ANNOUNCEMENT, CUTS OF ALL THE PASSENGERS WE KNOW AND LOVE: Hurley, Sun and Jin, Locke, Boone, Rose and Bernard, et al.

PILOT (OVER P.A.) (CONT'D)
We're now beginning our final descent into Los Angeles International Airport. I'm happy to report that it's a beautiful day in Los Angeles. 72 degrees, 6 miles visibility and winds out of the southwest at 5 miles an hour. I'm going to put the seat belt sign on now...
(DING)
We're going to be on the ground in just a few minutes. Thanks so much for flying Oceanic Air.

The SEAT BELT LIGHT COMES ON. And the CAMERA IS BACK ON Jack. Rose looks over at him, SMILES --

ROSE
Buckle up. You're almost home.

Jack smiles back, CLICKS HIS SEAT BELT into place and the GIACCHINO STARTS TO RISE -- and we find ourselves in the midst of a good old fashioned LOST MONTAGE...

44 INT. OCEANIC 815 - DAY - MONTAGE 44

The GIACCHINO SWELLS AND FINDS A THEME as Sawyer brings his seat up, shoves his bag under his seat. And then, a smile teases the corners of his lips as he GLANCES AT...

HURLEY. Waking up. Opening his eyes as he feels the plane easing down. He flips up his window, looks out. He can see ground now. He smiles. Almost home. As we TRAVEL TO --

SUN. She's looking out the window, too. But she's far from home. She looks at her husband. JIN is staring down at a VERY EXPENSIVE WATCH in an ORNATE CASE. He's paying no attention to her whatsofuckingever. She sighs. GLANCES one more time at...

ROSE AND BERNARD. They're sitting quietly. Holding hands. Content in their togetherness as WE GO TO --

SAYID. In his seat. His expression is somber. He pulls something from his pocket. A PHOTO. And as the CAMERA MOVES IN we see it's the one we know -- THE PHOTO OF NADIA. And as he stares down on it, his eyes softening, filling with something that looks an awful lot like HOPE, WE HEAR --

PILOT (OVER P.A.)
Flight Attendants, prepare for landing.

We PICK UP Cindy, FOLLOW HER TO HER landing seat, passing...

John Locke. He sits quietly. His expression impassive. And then he feels eyes on him. LOOKS OVER TO...

Boone. He smiles at Locke. And then...

KA-THUNK! The LANDING GEAR DEPLOYS. And...

45 EXT. LAX - DAY - MONTAGE 45

We FIND the Oceanic 777, nose up as it approaches the RUNWAY. And then an event we never in a million years thought would ever happen on LOST occurs --

OCEANIC FLIGHT 815 TOUCHES DOWN AT LAX.

The WHEELS CHIRP. The 777 SETTLES ONTO THE RUNWAY. The REVERSE THRUSTERS CHURN, and the plane slows to a TAXI...

46 INT. OCEANIC 815 - DAY - MONTAGE 46

And GIACCHINO ACKNOWLEDGES THE MOMENTOUSNESS OF THIS EVENT.

And what strikes us isn't how joyous it all is. No. What strikes us is how SAD it is. Because without each other, they are all so completely and irrevocably fucking ALONE.

And now as we TAXI TO THE GATE, the CAMERA TRAVELS TO --

KATE. The plane being on the ground means only one thing to her. CAPTIVITY. There's a stoicism to her but also fear. And now, the plane comes to a stop. But before any of the passengers can get off -- there are some people getting on.

LAPD COPS. THREE OF THEM. They make their way up the aisle. *

ON KATE. As she girds herself. Getting ready, knowing they're there to take her away. Except they BLOW PAST Kate, moving instead to...

Charlie. Seated behind all of them. Monitored by a Crew Member. The COPS get him to his feet. The Crew Member hands one of the cops Charlie's carry ons, including his GUITAR CASE. Now they USHER him off. Head down. A physical and emotional wreck after ALMOST DYING.

Kate clocks his misery. Her own inevitable arrest delayed at least for now. Now the Marshal NUDGES her to her feet. He's holding his SILVER HALLIBURTON CASE and starts to move her down the aisle, PASSING...

Boone. He turns to his new friend Locke. They SHAKE hands. Locke gives a FAREWELL NOD.

Sayid folds his picture. Puts it into his jacket pocket. He gets to his feet. Starts to move up the aisle.

Jin takes care of getting his stuff and getting up without considering Sun. Instead he waits impatiently for her in the aisle. She exits into the aisle, musters a SMILE to hide her lingering discontent.

Hurley moves past Arzt. Arzt gives him a THUMBS UP.

Sawyer follows behind Hurley. Close to enough to keep tabs but far enough to seem disinterested. And as the GIACCHINO CRESCENDOS, WE MOVE AGAIN TO...

Jack He reaches for his BAG in the OVERHEAD. Walks out down the aisle. Leaving only --

Locke. All alone on the plane. He sits in his seat. We're not sure what he's WAITING for. And then WE SEE IT.

TWO CREW MEMBERS approach with a narrow AIRPLANE WHEELCHAIR.

Together they LIFT Locke up, place him GENTLY in the chair.

ON Locke's face. This fucking hurts. This dependence. This INDIGNITY. And as they slowly WHEEL him off the plane --

47 INT. LAX - DAY 47

The CAMERA PUSHES IN ON the LONE FIGURE of John Locke being WHEELED BY, trailing after them all. *
*

And as we HOLD ON HIM... PUSHING IN... CLOSER AND CLOSER AND CLOSER ON HIS FACE AS WE **WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH TO:** *

48 INT. FOOT - NIGHT 48

THE BACK OF A BALD HEAD. Firelight flickering off of it.

Locke sits by the LOOM. His back to us, just looking towards the front of the FOOT. Sitting in exactly the same place Jacob was not too long ago. Almost like he's WAITING.

And now... a SOUND. MOVEMENT. Someone's coming IN. Then. SILENCE. A beat. ANOTHER beat. HOLDING ON THE FRONT ENTRYWAY. And then --

Ben is roughly TOSSED into the room -- STUMBLES. Whoever PUSHED him? Well, we don't see them yet. Ben looks up, SEES Locke looking at him from across the room. A beat. Then --

LOCKE
Where's Richard?

And Ben is feeling very... EXPOSED here. But what fucking choice does he have?

BEN
He's not coming.

LOCKE
Then who's that behind you?

And as there's no reasonable expectation that Ben will fucking ANSWER THAT --

Bram and his three men ENTER. They move carefully, COMMANDO-STYLE, WEAPONS UP. Bram crosses the room towards Locke... knows he's dealing with someone VERY fucking DANGEROUS --

BRAM
Where's Jacob?

Now Locke stands up, SERENE AND POWERFUL. Not feeling threatened at all despite the FOUR GUNS NOW POINTED AT HIM.

LOCKE
Ask Ben.

BRAM
I'm asking you.

Locke looks at Ben, who is NOT AT ALL HAPPY ABOUT THIS. Turns back to Bram. Evenly --

LOCKE
Jacob is dead.

JESUS. Well. There it fucking IS. CA-CLICK! Bram COCKS his GUN. Ready to take this motherfucker out.

BRAM
Who are you?!

Locke looks ANNOYED at this aggression --

LOCKE
Don't worry about me. Let's talk about you.
(matter-of-factly)
I'm assuming you're... what? Jacob's "bodyguards"? And you came all the way to the island to protect him? *

ON BRAM. He hesitates for a moment. Clearly, Locke is right on the FUCKING MONEY.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
Well I have good news for you. Like I mentioned... Jacob is dead. He burned up in that fire right over there.
(beat; measured)
Therefore, there's nothing left for you to protect.
(and now; a dismissal)
You can go. You're free.

And Bram? He is so RILED UP NOW he cannot listen to ANOTHER FUCKING WORD FROM THIS MOTHERFUCKER'S MOUTH so he YELLS --

BRAM
KILL HIM!

And with that -- **BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!** Bram FIRES. Locke is HIT ONCE IN THE SHOULDER but ducks quickly back into the darkness, disappearing behind A PILLAR. *

BRAM (CONT'D)
(to his men)
Spread out -- flank him!

They fan out and rush forward. Bram CHARGES the pillar, then follows behind his gun around the pilar to the other side --

Where there's -- NOTHING HERE. No trace of Locke. However, there's one thing that's very fucking ODD -- *
*

A DENTED BULLET SLUG LIES ON THE GROUND. Bram looks down at it. That's fucking odd, but he's got more pressing concerns, namely, where the fuck did Locke go? *
*
*

Bram SCANS the area. His men circle forward but look back at Bram in confusion -- they don't see Locke either.

Ben, meanwhile, edges away. Taking whatever separation he can get from them as --

TIKKA-TIKKA-TIKKA-TIKKA!!!

Bram and his men LOOK AROUND. What the fuck is that?!

BEN KNOWS. FUCK. Now his goal is to get the fuck out of harm's way... He quickly ducks behind the safety of a pilar as --

BLACK WHISPS of SMOKE starts to SEEP INTO THE ROOM from the deeper recesses of the chamber. They float across the room like a black version of dry ice smoke.

Bram and the others stare down at this, CONFUSED.

And now the smoke begins to come together and WHIRL... And Bram and his men are mesmerized in HORROR as the FUCKING SMOKE MONSTER FULLY MATERIALIZES in all of its fucking glory, and lets out a ear-shattering -- **MAAAAWWWWRRRROARRRRR!**

Ben leapfrogs to a pilar further away, trying to safely get the fuck out of here.

Now Salinger, one of Bram's men, bravely steps in front of the smoke monster and STARTS SHOOTING AT IT. BAD IDEA.

The BULLETS FLY harmlessly through the smoke. The smoke monster FLASHES, like quick POPS of LIGHTNING, and now ROILS MORE VIOLENTLY then SHOOT DOWN A SMOKE TENDRIL that wraps around the man's WAIST... * *

Smokey PICKS SALINGER UP AND LAUNCHES him UPWARD -- SENDING HIM FLYING OUT THROUGH THE OPEN ROOF!

Bram and the two others look up in horror as their compatriot SOARS OFF INTO THE NIGHT SKY.

49 EXT. BEACH - FOOT STATUE - SAME 49

Alpert is talking to a couple of Others in LOW TONES when they hear a NOISE. They turn to see SALINGER FLYING THROUGH FRAME BEHIND THEM and LANDING -- FLUMPPP! In the sand next to one of their FIRES.

They REACT in HORROR. But meanwhile BACK INSIDE --

50 INT. FOOT - SAME 50

THE MONSTER is just getting started. Having seen the fate of their buddy, Bram's other two men WANT NO PART OF THIS. They run in two different directions -- but to NO AVAIL.

Ben watches this. Not going anywhere. Choosing instead to staying safely behind the cover of one of the pillars.

Smart idea -- because now SMOKEY FLASHES A COUPLE OF TIMES, *
THEN SPLITS INTO TWO BRANCHES OF SMOKE that SHOOT OUT and *
GRAB both Burditt and Wolf.

Holding each of them in a SMOKE ARM, Smokey ACCELERATES THEM ACROSS THE ROOM AND SMASHES THEM INTO EACH OTHER -- LIKE PARTICLES COLLIDING IN A FUCKING PHYSICS ACCELERATOR. THERE IS A BONE CRUNCHING NOISE...

THEN THE MONSTER DROPS THEM. Burditt is LIFELESS. Wolf somehow has survived and tries to crawl, but the MONSTER PICKS HIM UP AGAIN AND SMASHES HIM UP AGAINST THE CEILING IN ONE QUICK UNEXPECTED MOVE! DUST AND STONE RAIN DOWN FROM THE IMPACT AND NOW WOLF FALLS LIFELESS TO THE GROUND.

Meanwhile, Bram hurriedly pulls out a CLOTH BAG out from inside his clothing. From the bag he pours A CIRCLE OF ASH around himself, ENCLOSING HIMSELF IN THE PROTECTIVE CIRCLE.

Once the circle is closed he stands defiantly in the center of it and FACES OFF with the monster --

BRAM
I'm not afraid of you!

Now the monster APPROACHES. ROILING and FLASHING in front of *
him, then WHIPPING like a CYCLONE all around Bram. But unable to BREACH the CIRCLE.

The monster backs off. DARTING away. And Bram's plan seems pretty fucking INGENIOUS right about now...

But just when we think Bram might even have the upper hand --

Bram SEES Smokey coalescing into a VERY DENSE ROILING CLOUD that SHOOTS OUT A TENDRIL -- PISTON-LIKE into -- A PILAR.

BLAAAM. THE MONSTER starts SLAMMING INTO THE PILAR. **BLAAAM. BLAAAM.** OVER AND OVER. And each time HE HITS THE PILAR, the WHOLE FUCKING CHAMBER SHAKES.

One more BLAAAM and THE PILAR BREAKS INTO PIECES! DIRT and STONE RAIN DOWN from the CEILING -- but it HOLDS.

(CONTINUED)

Ben watches from his hiding spot, wide-eyed. This is WAY OUTSIDE his realm of experience.

Now the MONSTER LIFTS A PIECE OF THE PILAR -- AND THROWS IT ACROSS THE ROOM AT BRAM! THE PIECE HITS BRAM -- AND KNOCKS HIM OUT OF THE CIRCLE!

Bram CRASHES TO THE GROUND, STUNNED and DAZED, and, most importantly, NO LONGER PROTECTED BY THE ASH.

He tries to climb to his feet as the SMOKE MONSTER NOW BULL-CHARGES -- **MMMRRRROOOOWRRRRRRRR**!!! -- SWEEPING BRAM OFF HIS FEET -- and DRIVING HIM FULL-SPEED across the room and SMASHING HIM INTO --

JACOB'S LOOM. It SPLINTERS ON IMPACT and the SHARP WOOD IMPALES HIM! BRAM FLOPS THERE, LIFELESS. *

Ben, breathing hard and PETRIFIED, COWERS in his hiding place behind the pilar. Is he next...?

NO. The SMOKE MONSTER FLASHES SOFTLY a few times, then SERPENTINES AWAY, retreating from Bram's dead body IN FOREGROUND, snaking around the other two DEAD BODIES and seeping off into the DARK RECESSES of the chamber. The room is now SILENT. *

CLOSE ON Ben. After a moment of NERVOUS BREATHING, he gathers his courage to PEER OUT.

No sign of the monster. Only the DEAD BODIES.

Ben looks around very carefully, then decides the coast is clear enough to BOLT THE FUCK OUT OF THERE. He takes off around the pilar but runs SMACK INTO --

LOCKE!

A fucking BOO MOMENT! Ben is so NOT expecting it -- and completely freaked -- stumbles backwards, FALLS DOWN.

Locke WALKS UP TO Ben. Looks down at him with his calm but piercing eyes. And Locke simply says --

LOCKE
I'm sorry you had to see me like that.

OFF BEN. OH. HOLY. FUCK.

BOOM.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

101 EXT. JUNGLE - HATCH SITE - MORNING 101

And once again, by some miracle of fate, our castaways live to see another SUNRISE.

Barely. CLOSE ON SAYID. Ragged breathing. Skin PALLID. He looks totally and utterly FUCKED as we FIND --

Jack and Jin with a DHARMA STRETCHER from the van. Placing it on the ground next to Sayid. And there's a level of CONCERN on Jack's face -- he's fucking SHAKEN. Turns to Jin -- *

JACK
This temple Hurley's talking about... you've been there?

JIN
(a beat; then)
Yeah.

Jack registers Jin's WORRY --

JACK
What?

JIN
I saw -- something there. Black smoke. But it was... alive.

And it's pretty awesome that our characters are finally TALKING about the fucking MONSTER. Jin reads Jack's face, finds himself in the odd position of CONSOLING him --

JIN (CONT'D)
That was a long time ago. I'm sure whatever it was, it's gone now.

ON JACK. Not so sure at fucking ALL as WE PICK UP --

Hurley. Pulling his GUITAR CASE out of the front seat of the VAN. SLAMMING THE DOOR to reveal a disapproving Miles --

MILES
We gonna sing "Kumbaya" on the way?

HURLEY
It's not a guitar, man.

MILES
Then what is it?

Hurley holds Miles' stare, then turns to Jack and Jin --

HURLEY
You guys ready?

Jack NODS as he and Jin heft Sayid up on the STRETCHER --

JACK
Whenever you are.

And YES. It is slightly OFF to see Jack so willing to follow someone else here... but it also feels RIGHT as we now FIND --

Sawyer at the rear of the van, leaning inside as he POPS open the TOOL COMPARTMENT. Kate stands behind him... not sure how to even INTERACT with him right now. Shit. It's AWKWARD. Nods towards the rest of the group --

KATE
Are you... going with them?

SAWYER
No. I'm gonna bury her.

Kate turns towards the BODY on the ground -- A TARP covers it, but one of Juliet's hands juts out from underneath.

KATE
Let me help you.

Sawyer finds what he's looking for -- TWO SHOVELS.

SAWYER
Help Sayid.

Kate nods, understands. He just needs to be ALONE. Except --

SAWYER (CONT'D)
Miles --

Miles turns as Sawyer TOSSES him one of the SHOVELS --

SAWYER (CONT'D)
You mind hanging back?

ON MILES, surprised... and oddly TOUCHED as he nods --

MILES
You got it, boss.

Oh RIGHT. These two got pretty damn TIGHT in the three years they worked together as Sheriff and Deputy of Dharmaville. Something not lost on --

Kate. Her heart breaking for Sawyer... but clearly he's turning to someone ELSE right now. And who can blame him?

KATE
I'll make sure we leave a trail so you can follow us.

And Sawyer looks at her for the first time. The ANGER gone. What's left is a deep and abiding NUMBNESS... and a faint glimpse of the PAIN it hides as he softly says --

SAWYER
I'm not following anybody, Kate.

And now, the GIACCHINO starts to play... sad at first -- a sense of loss and separation as Sawyer turns his back on Kate, walks past her.

And Kate HOLDS IT FUCKING IN as Miles moves to join him. Shaking it off -- NOT NOW -- as she walks over to the departing GROUP...

ON JACK as he and Jin gently lift the stretcher carrying Sayid -- he nods to Hurley who, guitar case in tow, now turns and heads into the jungle.

And it's Jack we STAY WITH as our heroes again PART WAYS. Can't help but look over his shoulder as they move away from the hatch crater to see --

Sawyer, standing at the base of a TREE. A moment of quiet -- is it PRAYER? -- before he hefts up his shovel...

And begins to DIG.

Jack swallows -- CHRIST -- it's just too much to fucking BEAR. And as he turns away, pressing on into the jungle yet again, we **WHOOOOOOOOOOOOSH** TO:

102 INT. LAX - IMMIGRATION - DAY 102

Jack waits in the back of the line at the IMMIGRATION COUNTER when an announcement CHIMES over the PUBLIC ADDRESS system:

AIRPORT P.A. (O.S.)
Oceanic Passenger Jack Shephard. Jack Shephard, please go to the nearest courtesy desk. Thank you.

Jack looks over. FROWNS. Now what?

103 INT. LAX - OCEANIC COURTESY DESK - DAY 103

Jack approaches the OCEANIC COURTESY DESK where a polished REP is studying his MONITOR.

JACK
Hi, I'm Jack Shephard. Somebody just paged me...

The Rep's face instantly FALTERS... is he nervous? He puts on a REASSURING SMILE --

OCEANIC REP
Oh, Mr. Shephard... hello. Yes, that was me. Sorry, I meant to meet you at the gate.

Jack looks at this guy -- something's clearly UP.

JACK
Well... here I am.

OCEANIC REP
Yes... right.
(a beat; then)
Mr. Shephard, I'm deeply sorry, but there seems to have been a mix-up involving the, uh... cargo you checked in Sydney.

ON JACK. He blinks.

JACK
...Cargo?

OCEANIC REP
Yes, sir. A coffin.

Oh JESUS. It CLICKS. For those of us who forgot, Jack was flying his father's body back to Los Angeles. Jack shakes his head. As CONFUSED as he is overwhelmed --

JACK
I don't... understand. You mean -- you're saying it isn't here?

OCEANIC REP
(a beat; then)
It appears it was never put on the plane in Sydney.

Jack tries to keep his cool, but it is SLIPPING. And FAST. He shakes his head -- this can't REALLY be happening --

JACK
My... the funeral is in two hours.
I'm supposed to go straight to...
(stops; forceful)
When is it getting here?

The Oceanic Rep drops his eyes. How to SAY this...?

OCEANIC REP
Mr. Shephard, I can't tell you how deeply sorry we are, but we don't know when it will arrive... because we're not exactly sure where it is.

Well. Sure didn't see that one fucking coming. And as we HOLD ON Jack, somewhere between SHOCK and PROFOUND LOSS, we **WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH TO:**

104 EXT. JUNGLE - TEMPLE WALL - DECLIVITY - MORNING 104

Jack. And the expression on his face is almost exactly the same... yet in an entirely different fucking CONTEXT as we find him TREKKING THROUGH THE JUNGLE.

He holds the back of Sayid's STRETCHER, Jin holding the front. Kate and Hurley in their wake as we stay on Jack's face as they BREAK through the dense FOLIAGE.

Jack's eyes go WIDE -- IN AWE. Whatever he's looking at, Jin sees it, too. But his eyes read fucking DANGER. The two of them putting down the stretcher as we ARM AROUND TO REVEAL:

THE TEMPLE WALL. Massive. Ancient. Covered in vines and hieroglyphics. Hurley takes in the sheer expanse of it --

HURLEY
Dude. That's...
(huge understatement)
...a big wall.

Jack looks left and right, MORE WALL in every direction.

JACK
How do we get him over the top?

But Hurley's already got that figured out.

HURLEY
We're not. We're bringing him in through there.

And Hurley points to the DECLIVITY -- the OMINOUS BLACK HOLE in the wall that SWALLOWED UP ROUSSEAU'S TEAM.

Fuck. On our HEROES as they look into the DARKNESS of the fucking hole. Jack, Kate and Jin all exchange a look. Fuck. But it's not like they have any GODDAMNED CHOICE. So we UPCUT TO:

105 INT. TEMPLE CATACOMBS - UNDERGROUND TUNNELS - MORNING 105

DAYLIGHT streams down from the hole above, as Jack and Jin struggle down the rocky incline of the DECLIVITY carrying an inert Sayid. They reach the bottom, where --

Kate comes to their aid, already bringing the stretcher over as Hurley shines the FLASHLIGHT into the terrifying DARKNESS. And now, his beam illuminates --

A SKELETON. Hurley tentatively approaches -- a dust-covered BACKPACK lies beside the skeleton, next to some extinguished TORCHES. Kate joins Hurley, more PRACTICAL than freaked --

KATE
At least he's got some light.

She takes a knee, opens up the PACK -- hands Hurley a dusty BOOK from inside as she ROOTS THROUGH -- "L'Etranger" by CAMUS (in FRENCH). Hurley furrows his brow --

HURLEY
Who brings a book into a cave?

Kate ignores him, busy with a pack of MATCHES -- some CLOTH which she uses to wrap around the torches, LIGHTING ONE -- the orange glow now giving us a better look at the skeleton, Hurley immediately NOTICING -- OH SHIT --

HURLEY (CONT'D)
Uh... why's his arm missing?

JIN (O.S.)
It was ripped off.

Hurley TURNS TO SEE Jin, Sayid now loaded on the stretcher as he and Jack approach. Hurley shakes his head --

HURLEY
Well. This is gonna be awesome.

AND WE UPCUT TO:

106 INT. TEMPLE CATACOMBS - UNDERGROUND TUNNELS - DAY 106

ON JACK, as the group marches behind Hurley, into the catacombs... and GIACCHINO PLAYS IT, creeping us out with a suspenseful cue...

(CONTINUED)

They move steadily along, Hurley in the lead with the flashlight, Jin at the front of the stretcher, Jack in the back, while Kate brings up the rear.

They round a corner, pass through a stone archway, the TENSION CRANKED... the monster could come out at ANY MOMENT --

They move on, turn another corner, and duck into --

ANOTHER TUNNEL

ON JACK, sweat pouring down his face from carrying Sayid all this way. A moment later, Kate folds in behind him, now holding a LIT TORCH.

They tread carefully... slowly... until Hurley's light finds --

THE COLLAPSED FLOOR (where Ben fell in "Dead is Dead"). They all come to a stop and eye the hole. FUCK. Kate peers over Jack's shoulder.

KATE
Can you get around it with Sayid?

JACK
(beat; eyeing it)
Guess we'll find out.

Great. Kate's not exactly jumping for joy. But she's game:

KATE
Get some light over there.

JACK
Watch your step.

Kate does. She's nimble. Skirts the hole on a two foot wide ledge along one side of it. And while Kate makes it to the other side with relative ease, it's clear: this is gonna be a challenge for the others. She holds the torch aloft as --

Hurley goes next. He SLOWLY, CAUTIOUSLY shuffles his way over... everyone holding their breathe... he makes it. Hurley then shines the flashlight to help Jack and Jin.

ON JACK and JIN, navigating the stretcher around the hole. And it's DICEY. They hug the wall... a bit of the ledge GIVES WAY -- the STRETCHER DIPS -- but they recover... continue...

ON KATE, a good twenty feet away. DISTRACTED. With Hurley helping the guys, she glances around...then cocks her head... She HEARS SOMETHING.

WHISPERS.

Oh fuck no. Kate frowns. Ventures forward... into the tunnel... and HER TORCH STARTS TO FLICKER, as if blown out by a stiff WIND. FEAR creeping in...

ON JACK. TENSE, as he takes those last couple steps... until he and Jin finally clear the hole, and reach the other side. Fucking whew.

He and Jin set Sayid down, fucking exhausted by the effort. Hurley hovers close by with the light.

JACK (CONT'D)
Where's Kate?

HURLEY
She's right...

Hurley turns, shines his light -- but KATE'S GONE. Uh-oh.

HURLEY (CONT'D)
...there?

There's NO TORCHLIGHT ahead. The tunnel's FUCKING BLACK. Jack calls out, WORRIED --

JACK
Kate?

SILENCE. Jack's face: SHIT. He steps forward, grabs the flashlight from Hurley, FUCKING ACTIVATED --

JACK (CONT'D)
Kate!

STAY WITH Jack as he storms deeper into the tunnel -- Jin and Hurley fading into the darkness behind him, protesting --

JIN
Jack, wait --

JACK
-- KATE! CAN YOU HEAR ME?

He goes deeper, Jin and Hurley now out of sight --

JIN (O.S.)
Jack! We can't leave Say--

HURLEY (O.S.)
(cries out)
HEY -- !

WHHUMMPFFF. Jack STOPS, WHIPS AROUND, reacting to the sound behind him -- like someone just got DROPPED. What the fuck is happening?!

JACK
Hurley?!

JACK RUNS. And we're WITH HIM as he HUSTLES BACK to where he left Jin and Hurley, the flashlight beam frantically dancing in front of him, but just like that --

They're fucking GONE.

Jack is suddenly, DISTURBINGLY ALONE. He listens... hears a SOUND building... not the "tikka tikka" of the monster, but --

THE WHISPERS. Only now, they're much LOUDER, seemingly ALL AROUND HIM, and CLOSING IN --

It's a horror movie moment: Jack does a three-sixty, wheels around in a circle, NEAR PANIC, scanning the darkness for signs of movement, seeing NONE -- the GIACCHINO RAMPING UP --

The AMBUSH happens FAST.

JACK'S GRABBED FROM BEHIND -- A THICK ARM AROUND HIS THROAT --

TWO MORE SETS OF HANDS GRAB HIS ARMS -- FUCK FUCK FUCK --

Jack STRUGGLES -- his flashlight catches a glimpse of --

SOMEONE -- A MAN -- CHARGING HIM like a fucking RHINO, FIST HIGH, coming down in a vicious arc towards his head -- **KA-WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAM.** And we --

SMASH TO BLACK.

107 INT. TEMPLE CATACOMBS - UNDERGROUND TUNNELS - LATER 107

We FADE IN... in JACK'S POV. And it's BLURRY. DISORIENTING. But slowly, we come into focus, and realize --

Jack's being DRAGGED through the tunnel by a BAREFOOT MAN carrying a TORCH. Jack blinks, tries to shake off the cobwebs, as he's pulled into --

108 INT. TEMPLE CATACOMBS - ANTEROOM - DAY 108

AN OPEN ROOM. The Barefoot Man keeps MOVING, roughly PULLING Jack to his feet -- and thank GOD, HERE'S --

108 CONTINUED: 108

Kate. HURLEY. And JIN. Sayid's unconscious body lies in a corner, on the stretcher. All of them being FORCED THROUGH THE ROOM -- MARCHED in fact, by --

A DOZEN PEOPLE -- many of them ARMED. Their threadbare clothes very similar to what we've come to expect from THE OTHERS. And none of them looks particularly HAPPY.

Jack BLINKS, still trying to get his fucking bearings... TURNS TO Kate, PUSHED ALONGSIDE HER, CONCERNED --

JACK
You all right?

KATE
Yeah. You?

But before he can answer, one of the OTHERS SLIDES aside a large WOODEN DOOR TO REVEAL --

A STONE STAIRCASE. SUNLIGHT blasts into the ANTEROOM as our heroes are FORCED UP THE STAIRS and --

109 EXT. TEMPLE INNER GROUNDS - REFLECTING POND - DAY 109

INTO THE OPEN AIR.

Jack SQUINTS in the sunlight, his eyes adjusting... but once they do? He's fucking AMAZED. He's seen a lot of unbelievable shit since he got to the island, but whatever he's looking at NOW? Appears to take the goddamned CAKE.

And now, CAMERA SWOOPS BEHIND THEM, a big, EPIC BENDER-ESQUE CRANE SHOT SOARS UP to take in the INCREDIBLE REFLECTING POND, offering a SHIMMERING VISAGE OF AN AWE-INDUCING STRUCTURE, TILTING UP NOW to finally SEE:

AN ANCIENT STRUCTURE. Powerful. HUGE. As much MAYAN as it is BABYLONIAN. A ZIGGURAT PYRAMID, STONE STEPS climbing A HUNDRED FEET UP.

ON HURLEY, eyes wide in WONDER, taking it all in, the GIACCHINO RISING -- something ANCIENT AND MYSTERIOUS AND POWERFUL as Hurley softly states the OBVIOUS --

HURLEY
Guess we found the Temple.

BOOM.

END OF ACT SIX

ACT SEVEN

110 INT. LAX - IMMIGRATION AREA - DAY 110

We're TIGHT on a pair of HANDS. CUFFED. PANNING UP to find they belong to:

Kate. Trying her best to be stoic, but clearly AFRAID as the Marshal's hand roughly grips her elbow, marches her through PASSPORT CONTROL and up to a CUSTOMS OFFICER. As he STAMPS THE MARSHAL'S PASSPORT --

CUSTOMS OFFICER
Anything to declare?

The Marshal flips out his BADGE, grins COCKILY --

MARSHAL
Just a murderer.

The Customs guy raises an eyebrow, hands the passport back and the Marshal keeps moving. ON KATE, fucking DEFEATED as --

KATE
I need to go to the bathroom.

MARSHAL
Hold it.

KATE	MARSHAL
I can't h--	-- Sure you can. I believe in you.

KATE
Edward...

The Marshal STOPS. Something in her voice... the fact that she called him by his FIRST NAME. And now she looks at him, a desperate VULNERABILITY as she asks --

KATE (CONT'D)
Please.

ON THE MARSHAL. Looking at her. And he kinda LOVES the fact that she's all but GROVELLING. And we UPCUT TO:

111 INT. LAX - LADIES ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 111

We hear a DOOR OPENING as we look at the EMPTY LADIES ROOM.

MARSHAL'S VOICE (O.S.)
Anyone in here?

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: 111

NO RESPONSE as the Marshal ENTERS, Kate in tow. He sits down his SILVER CASE by a SINK and walks her over to a stall, OPENS the door, ever the GENTLEMEN --

MARSHAL
Two minutes.

KATE
(sincere)
Thank you.

Kate enters the stall, closes the door. The Marshal WHISTLES as he crosses over to the sink. Turns it on, starts to wash his hands as we CUT INSIDE --

112 INT. STALL - CONTINUOUS 112

ON KATE. Sitting on the toilet. But she is clearly not interested in USING it. NO. She's reaching into her fucking SLEEVE, fishing out --

A PEN. Wait. Hold on. Was this the pen Jack was looking for? Did she LIFT it off him when they "accidentally" bumped in the plane? And now the GIACCHINO STARTS TO THUMP as --

Kate delicately UNSCREWS the top of the pen off, slides out the ROD inside -- SHIT! -- The tiny SPRING that held it slips from her fingers, rolls out under the STALL DOOR --

But she can't worry about that now -- BENDS the rod at the top and gently inserts it into the KEYHOLE on her CUFFS as SHUNK -- the sound of the SINK turning OFF --

113 INT. LAX - LADIES ROOM - INTERCUT 113

The Marshal turns from the sink, calls out --

MARSHAL
You done?

114 INT. STALL - CONTINUOUS 114

ON KATE, SWEATING NOW, jiggling her makeshift tool into the cuffs -- FUCK -- calls back to the Marshal -- GIACCHINO continues to THUMP as --

KATE
Not yet.

OUTSIDE THE STALL

The Marshal checks his watch. Approaches the stall and --

STEPS ON SOMETHING. Uh. Fucking. OH. The Marshal leans down, lifts up his shoe. And picks up what's underneath it. THE SPRING. His brow furrows, SMELLING A FUCKING RAT. He BANGS on the stall door --

MARSHAL
Time's up. Get out of there.

KATE	MARSHAL
One minute --	
	-- No. Open this door now.
I'm not finished --	
	-- Yes, you are. OPEN IT.

But it's completely QUIET now. And now the Marshal KNOWS something is wrong -- and he's had ENOUGH. Gets right up against the door, SLAMS IT WITH HIS OPEN PALM as --

MARSHAL (CONT'D)
Austen, I swear to God, you don't open this door, I'm coming in th--

KWAHM! The door flies OPEN WITH TREMENDOUS FORCE, revealing Kate, inside the stall, her legs PISTONED OUT having KICKED IT with every ounce of her fucking STRENGTH!!!!

The Marshal STUMBLES back across the bathroom -- and Kate's up in a fucking FLASH -- LAUNCHING herself at him -- taking advantage that he's OFF BALANCE as in ONE SWIFT MOVE -- WHAM! SMASHES her knee into his GUT -- DOUBLING HIM OVER -- GRABS the back of his head with her (still) CUFFED HANDS and --

CRACK! SLAMS his FOREHEAD INTO THE EDGE OF THE FUCKING SINK!

The Marshal collapses, NOT QUITE UNCONSCIOUS, but OUT OF IT. And Kate doesn't hesitate --

Leans over him, pulling off his BLAZER, revealing his PADDLE HOLSTER. Kate slides the GUN from it, jams it into the waist of her jeans as she WRAPS the blazer around her cuffed hands, concealing them, JUST AS --

TWO OLDER WOMEN enter the bathroom. They FREEZE as they see Kate hunched over the unconscious Marshal. A beat, then, Kate rises to her feet, OUT OF BREATH --

KATE
This man just walked in here... he attacked me -- I... pushed him --

The women TOTALLY BUY THIS, instantly supportive of Kate --

WOMAN
Oh my God -- are you all right?

KATE
Yeah... yeah, I think so... I need to get out of here --

And Kate is fucking MOVING. This is her one chance to RUN and she ain't gonna let it pass her by -- the GIACCHINO reaching a FEVER PITCH as we SMASH TO:

115 INT. LAX TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS 115

Kate EXITS the bathroom into the terminal, jacket wrapped over her hands -- knows she only has a small HEAD START -- and FUCK. One of the women emerges behind her --

WOMAN
OFFICER! OFFICER! Over here!

SHIT. A CUSTOMS OFFICER heads for the bathroom. Kate KEEPS FUCKING MOVING -- GODDAMMIT -- and that's when she SEES --

An ELEVATOR. The DOORS are literally CLOSING as Kate breaks into a full-on RUN -- *

Doesn't look like she's gonna MAKE IT -- the doors CLOSE... But at the last possible second, a HAND jams between them from inside -- the DOORS BOUNCING back open TO REVEAL:

Sawyer. He smiles, CHARMING --

SAWYER
Welcome aboard.

And Kate STEPS in, out of breath as the DOORS CLOSE --

116 INT. LAX ELEVATOR - DAY 116

And let's just TAKE THIS IN for a moment. Kate and Sawyer. Facing forwards. Side by side. Slowly descending as we hear the MUZAK strains of Tom Jones' "It's Not Unusual." MILKING IT because these two have never met. Five seasons of history NON-FUCKING EXISTENT. Finally --

SAWYER
We were on the same plane. Sydney.

Kate's mind is MANY other places other than with HIM. Just waiting the thirty seconds it'll take to get DOWN AND OUT.

KATE
How about that.

Kate fidgets, her CUFFED HANDS under the jacket. Sawyer looks over and SEES A BIT OF THE SILVER HANDCUFFS where the jacket has slipped. She quickly COVERS THEM BACK UP. And just as he raises a curious eyebrow --

DING! The DOORS open. Two TSA OFFICERS STEP ON. And they're right in front of the BUTTON PANEL. Fuck. Sawyer edges closer to Kate to make room. DING!

Now it's the FOUR of them. Riding down. And now, one of officer's WALKIES chirps.

WALKIE (V.O.)
Ganson, Stommel -- what's your twenty? *

OFFICER (INTO WALKIE)
Uh... we're in the south elevator heading to --

WALKIE (V.O.)
Get your asses to International Baggage Claim. We got a 341.

OFFICER (INTO WALKIE)
Yeah, on our way.

Sawyer's eyes TWINKLE, turns to one of the officers --

SAWYER
Sounds serious. What's a "341"?

OFFICER
That's confidential, sir.

SAWYER
If it's confidential, how the hell will I know if I see one?
(a quick glance to Kate)
Maybe I can help.

ON KATE. Christ. Why won't he SHUT UP? The officer, for different reasons, shares her sentiment. Dismissive --

OFFICER
We have it under control.

SAWYER
I'm sure you do.

And the elevator continues to move DOWN... all of them headed the same place. Kate wondering... Is Sawyer gonna bust her?

DING! The elevator STOPS at the GROUND FLOOR and the DOORS SLIDE OPEN. And then Sawyer STEPS VERY PURPOSELY IN FRONT OF THE TSA DUDES, BLOCKING THEM --

SAWYER (CONT'D)
Ladies first.

ON KATE. Surprised. Is he... helping her?

KATE
...Thanks.

Sawyer NODS to her, a sincere and subtle WINK --

SAWYER
Take care.

Kate steps off, FREE -- at least for NOW -- realizing this cocky bastard just gave her an assist.

And it's Sawyer we HOLD ON, somewhat SMITTEN as he watches her walk off. Before he steps off ahead of the TSA dudes. And -- we WHOOOOOOOOOOOOSH TO:

117 EXT. JUNGLE - HATCH AREA - DAY 117

THWUMP. THE BACK OF A SHOVEL smacks into a a MOUND OF DIRT. THWUMP. THWUMP. HARDER now... **THWUMP!** TILTING UP TO SEE:

Sawyer. No sense of the boyish mischief that we just saw as he SWEATS through his t-shirt, his jumpsuit tied around his waist -- THWUMP!

And it's clear what's happening here. He's just BURIED Juliet and is taking it out on the SOIL. THWUMP! THWUMP!

MILES
I think that'll do it, boss.

RACK FOCUS TO REVEAL Miles, standing a few feet behind him. Dirty and sweaty. Sawyer SNAPS out of it. Stops pounding.

SAWYER
Stop calling me "boss." You're not my deputy anymore.

Miles NODS, sympathetic. Clearly FEELING for him --

MILES
You got it.

An awkward beat. What to say to a man who just buried the woman he loved? Miles turns towards the van --

MILES (CONT'D)
You thirsty? I think I saw some beers in the van -- construction guys hid 'em in the wheel well...

SAWYER
What'd she wanna tell me?

MILES
(stops; turns)
Excuse me?

ON SAWYER. Profound SADNESS in his eyes as he repeats --

SAWYER
Juliet. She said she had to tell me something. And then she died.
(beat; pointed)
What was it, Miles?

ON MILES, suddenly realizing --

MILES
That's why you asked me to stay here with you?

And Sawyer makes no effort to fucking DENY IT --

SAWYER
You were the only one around who talks to dead people.

WOW. Fuck. There you have it. Cold and honest. Miles shakes his head, doesn't wanna have anything to DO with this:

MILES
Jim... That's not how it works.

SAWYER
What did she want to tell me?

MILES	SAWYER
It doesn't matter --	
	-- Yeah, it does.
This isn't gonna help, man --	
	-- Do it. Ask her, you little --

MILES
She's gone, James.

BEAT. That hangs there for a second. And then --

Sawyer GRABS Miles by the shirt, YANKS HIM FORWARDS -- SLAMS him to the DIRT. Right on top of the GRAVE. And Sawyer's on top of him. HOLDING MILES DOWN. FORCING HIM. His GRIEF... that horrible moment as he LET GO OF HER HAND playing all over again, TEARS in his eyes as he says --

SAWYER
I know she's gone. I know.
(then; pained)
Now tell me.

ON MILES. Face in the dirt. And knows Sawyer will not fucking get off him until he gets what he fucking WANTS.

MILES
Okay... Okay, all right.

Sawyer loosens his grip a little as Miles reaches out with his hand... spreads his fingers over the DIRT that now covers Juliet... CLOSES HIS EYES --

QUICK CUTS. IMPRESSIONISTIC. Weird distorted SOUNDS. This is what we see when Miles is doing his "THING." And then...

IT STOPS. Miles opens his eyes. He looks... well, fucking CONFUSED. Sawyer looks at him expectantly --

SAWYER
What?

MILES
It... worked.

ON SAWYER. A deep breath. Jesus. Almost afraid to ask...

SAWYER
Then what'd she want to tell me?

Miles sits up now, not quite understanding this himself as he softly says --

MILES
That is what she wanted to tell you, man.
(beat)
"It worked."

HOLD ON Sawyer. And as intriguing as this is for US -- that these were Juliet's last intended WORDS -- this was not at all the fucking CLOSURE Sawyer was looking for. In fact, it's the goddamned OPPOSITE as he GROWLS --

SAWYER
What (fucking) worked!?!

And as Miles clearly has no way to ANSWER that, we SMASH TO:

118 OMITTED 118

119 EXT. TEMPLE - REFLECTING POND - DAY 119

Jack. Kate. Hurley. Jin. And Sayid on a stretcher.

TRACKING WITH THEM as the ARMED OTHERS march them up to the edge of the INCREDIBLE REFLECTING POOL where now the Others very purposefully STOP, giving our characters a chance to take in the sight of the monumental TEMPLE across the way.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Isoginasai.

Now the Others in this group turn because a GROUP OF A DOZEN OTHERS is arriving from the Temple proper.

In the center of the group is a JAPANESE MAN. Forties. Pure fucking CHARISMA and POWER. He strides through the crowd, and it's instantly clear he is in GODDAMN CHARGE. It'll be awhile before we're formally introduced, but we will come to know him as DOGEN.

He STOPS in front of our people. Looks them over. His eyes betray nothing. A quiet INTENSITY as he ASKS A QUESTION in JAPANESE.

DOGEN
Who are you?

And as we have no fucking way of UNDERSTANDING HIM --

One of the men with him, LENNON, a SCRUFFY LOOKING MAN in GOLD-RIMMED SPECS steps up to Dogen's side. He has a Dennis Hopper in "Apocalypse Now" VIBE as he addresses our people --

SCRUFFY LOOKING MAN
Who are you?

HOLDING ON OUR CHARACTERS -- not exactly sure what to say. Fortunately, someone answers for them -- a WOMAN in the arriving group who has an AUSTRALIAN ACCENT --

WOMAN (O.S.)
I know who they are...

Holy SHIT. It's Cindy. If we hadn't been reminded that she was **a flight attendant on Oceanic 815 back in the TEASER,** we wouldn't be able to distinguish her from the OTHERS -- bare feet, rags, rifle and all.

She addresses Dogen very respectfully, sparing Jack and company a brief, though not entirely unsympathetic, glance:

CINDY
They were on the first plane, Oceanic 815... along with me.

Dogen takes this in, unhappy about it. Says in JAPANESE --

DOGEN
They shouldn't have come here.

Lennon listens to Dogen. Knows a decision is coming --

DOGEN (CONT'D)
They're not allowed to see this place.
(then; matter-of-fact)
Shoot them.

Lennon blinks, SURPRISED --

LENNON
You sure?

Dogen levels him with his eyes. Yeah. He's SURE. Lennon shakes his head, but turns to a couple of the ARMED Others --

LENNON (CONT'D)
(then; to Others)
Shoot them.

JESUS! Say what?! And without hesitation, the Others RAISE their RIFLES as our characters abruptly find themselves on the wrong fucking end of an fucking FIRING SQUAD --

And NOW Jack and Kate and Jin are ALL TALKING -- HOLD UP THEIR HANDS --

JACK/KATE/JIN/HURLEY
WHOA, WHOA, WHOA... HEY! WAIT!!!

Dogen turns, walks away, not interested in watching his orders carried out -- CHRIST HERE IT COMES!!!! CA-CLICK! HAMMERS COCK -- BUT THEN ONE VOICE RISES ABOVE THE DIN --

HURLEY
JACOB SENT US!

And that STOPS FUCKING EVERYTHING.

Dogen does an ABOUT FACE and signals the Others to HOLD THEIR FIRE. And there's a new expression on his face -- SURPRISE. He walks right up to Hurley. Speaks.

DOGEN
What did you say?

Lennon, SHOCKED, himself is a little slow on the uptake --

LENNON
What'd you just say?

ON HURLEY. A quiet COURAGE, nothing to lose --

HURLEY
I said that Jacob sent us.
(nods towards Sayid)
He said you could help our friend.

Dogen raises an eyebrow -- SKEPTICAL. Responds --

DOGEN
You saw Jacob? Prove it.

LENNON
He wants you to prove it.

Hurley's not exactly sure how to do that --

HURLEY
Uh, okay, well, he's like in late 30s, kinda scruffy looking... doesn't drive...

Hurley sees that Dogen is NOT BUYING THIS. He's had enough --

DOGEN
He's lying. Shoot them.

And just as he turns to go, Hurley REMEMBERS --

HURLEY
-- He gave me that guitar case!

Hurley points to the CASE now being transported by one of the Others. None of the guns go down. A beat. Then -- Dogen speaks to Hurley, SUSPICIOUS -- *

DOGEN
Did you look inside it?

LENNON
(translating)
Did you look inside it?

HURLEY (CONT'D)
(a beat; then)
Maybe.

Cindy brings the case over to Dogen -- he puts it on the ground. OPENS IT UP. And REACTS. Whatever's inside? It's fucking IMPORTANT. Now, he reaches into the case ever so slowly... and with delicacy and extreme devotion, removes... *

AN ANKH. ANCIENT in appearance. About a yard tall -- almost like a SCEPTER. The GIACCHINO comes in -- simple strains of that MYTHICAL THEME as Dogen reverently traces the ankh's curved end, brings it into the sunlight to get a better look at it, holding it out in front of him with both hands and --

CRACK!! Brings it down over his RAISED KNEE, snapping it in half like a WALKING STICK!

HURLEY (CONT'D)
(what the fuck?)
Dude!

JESUS! So much for fucking REVERENCE. And now Dogen discards one end of the ankh like garbage, reaches into the inside of the other half -- it's HOLLOW? -- and pulls out a piece of ROLLED PAPER...

And what we may notice here is that it's not ANCIENT PAPER... not PAPYRUS... but something decidedly more CONTEMPORARY.

Because as Dogen READS, what we see through the slightly TRANSPARENT WHITE SHEET are what appear to be TYPED WORDS. But the characters are not in ENGLISH. Is that... GREEK?

Dogen speaks quietly, still reading as Lennon turns to our heroes, TRANSLATES --

DOGEN	LENNON
Ask them their names.	(translating) What are your names?

ON JACK. KATE. JIN. Huh? But Hurley doesn't hesitate:

HURLEY (CONT'D)
I'm Hugo. Hugo Reyes.
(turns to his friends)
Tell him.

And we LOVE the idea of Hurley giving orders... and as it appears he just saved their ASSES, Jin speaks up first -- *

JIN
Jin-Soo Kwon.

KATE
Kate Austen.

JACK
Jack Shephard.

Dogen finally looks up. NODS towards the unconscious Sayid -- *

DOGEN
And him?

Jack sees the gesture; doesn't need a translation.

JACK
That's Sayid Jarrah.

Dogen lets all this settle for a minute. It's clear from his expression that something LARGER AND very PROFOUND is happening here. Now he speaks --

DOGEN	LENNON (TRANSLATING)
Are you alone? How many others are with you?	-- He wants to know if you came here alone. *

ON KATE. A beat. *

KATE *
It's just us. *

Dogen studies her. Not sure whether he buys that. But then, he simply NODS to A GROUP OF ARMED OTHERS. And without another word, they TAKE OFF as Dogen turns back to Lennon -- *

DOGEN *
Let's go. Carry the injured one, Jarrah. Take him to the Spring.

Lennon nodding as he gets it, already turning to the OTHERS --

LENNON *
Pick him up. Get him to the Spring. Now.

And with that, a few Others pick up Sayid's STRETCHER -- Jack REACTING, not understanding what the fuck is going ON --

JACK
Wait -- where are you going?

But he's completely IGNORED as Dogen leads the group off, starting around the reflecting pond over to the TEMPLE.

HURLEY
Hey... uh -- excuse me?
(Lennon stops; turns)
I carried that case across the ocean and like, through time, so I wanna know what that paper said.

ON DOGEN AND LENNON as they keep moving. NO TIME FOR THIS. But Hurley PERSISTS, pressing Lennon --

HURLEY (CONT'D)
What did it say?! *

LENNON
That paper said if your friend there dies?
(dead fucking TIGHT)
We're all in a lot of trouble.

And OFF HURLEY, not knowing what to make of that but not liking the sound of it one fucking BIT as we SMASH CUT TO:

120 INT. FOOT - DAY 120

A DEAD BODY is dragged across the STONE FLOOR... laid to rest unceremoniously next to ANOTHER ONE TILTING UP TO FIND --

Locke. Lit by a SINGLE RAY OF SUNLIGHT pouring in through the open "ankle" of the STATUE as he walks over to the SMASHED LOOM, lifts Bram's broken body from it --

LOCKE
Something you want to ask me?

RACK FOCUS to reveal he's talking to Ben. With a mixture of SHOCK and FEAR Ben watches Locke handle the DEAD AJIRA TEAM. And who can fucking BLAME him?

BEN
What... are you?

LOCKE
I'm not a what, Ben. I'm a who.

Ben shakes his head, OVERWHELMED. But he says what we've all been THINKING since we saw the BLACK SMOKE kill THREE MEN --

BEN
You're the monster.

LOCKE
(a beat; then)
Let's not resort to name-calling.

CRACK! Locke hefts Bram from the loom, the SPINDLE penetrating his chest SNAPPING OFF in the process. Drags his body over alongside the others. ON BEN, trying to put it all fucking TOGETHER. And now... he REALIZES --

BEN
You... used me. You couldn't kill him yourself, so you made _me_ do it.

LOCKE
I didn't make you do anything.

FWUMP! Locke lets go of Bram. Turns to Ben, SERIOUS --

LOCKE (CONT'D)
You should know. He was very confused when you killed him.

And as FREAKED as Ben is right now, he doesn't BUY that --

BEN
I seriously doubt Jacob was "confused."

LOCKE
I'm not talking about Jacob.
(a beat; measured)
I'm talking about John Locke.

OH. FUCK. _And that's just plain FREAKY_. And Ben is SHITTING... completely at Locke's mercy.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
Do you want to know what he was thinking while you were choking the life out of him, Benjamin? What the last thought that ran through his head was?

ON BEN. He drops his eyes. Could this be... GUILT? And as the question was rhetorical anyway, Locke ANSWERS IT --

LOCKE (CONT'D)
"I don't understand."
(a beat; then)
Isn't that just the saddest thing you've ever heard?

Ben can't meet Locke's eyes. Because yes. _Yes, it IS sad_.

And Locke picks up Jacob's chair now. Walks over to Ben. SITS down. Like a father about to read a fucking BEDTIME STORY to his kid.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
It's fitting in a way, though -- when John first came to this island, he was a very sad man. A victim who shouted at the world for being told what he couldn't do, even though they were right.
(then; with real contempt)
He was weak and pathetic and irreparably broken.

And JESUS, it's weird hearing these words come from Locke's mouth. He leans forward now, INTENSE --

LOCKE (CONT'D)
But despite all of that, there was something admirable about him, too.
(beat; pointed)
He was the only one of them who didn't want to leave. The only one who realized how pitiful the life he'd left behind really was.

Ben looks up now. Defeated. And even though he's FRIGHTENED at what the answer might be, he ASKS anyway --

BEN
What... do you want?

Locke's eyes FLASH. And then:

LOCKE
Well, Ben, that's the great irony here. Because I want the one thing John Locke didn't.
(a beat; simply)
I want to go home.

And GOOD FUCK, we have no idea what that MEANS... but wherever this THING... or this PERSON... is trying to get to?

It is the last place we EVER want to fucking go.

And as we HOLD ON John Locke, a level of inner confidence that SCARES THE LIVING SHIT OUT OF US...

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT SEVEN

ACT EIGHT

121 INT. LAX - CUSTOMS - DAY 121

We're CLOSE ON an EXPENSIVE WATCH. A ROLEX. WIDEN TO REVEAL -- A CUSTOMS AGENT (SMALLEY) pulling it from an open suitcase on the table. PULL BACK TO --

Jin, wearing a look of indignant befuddlement. Why is his time being wasted? Sun stands at his side. Both have their passports out as they are making their way through customs.

AGENT SMALLEY
And what business are you in, sir?

But Jin doesn't understand a damn word. He shakes his head. Stammering --

JIN
I no speak... No English.

Jin hands over a LETTER adorned with the Paik Automotive letterhead. Smalley reads it, then speaks slowly, as though it's just the speed of his delivery that is making comprehension difficult.

AGENT SMALLEY
This letter says the watch is a business gift. But... what... business... are... you... in?

Jin shakes his head harder as the frustration grows. Sun stares blankly. Smalley sighs, annoyed. This frustration thing is contagious. He continues to rummage through Jin's BAG. Jin speaks in subtitled KOREAN.

JIN
Everything should be in order. May we please continue on our way? I have an appointment to get to.

AGENT SMALLEY
Hang on there, buddy. Just gotta make sure everything is --
(spots something)
-- copacetic. Huh...

He pulls out a LEATHER POUCH busting at the seams. He unzips it, revealing -- A SHITLOAD of CASH. AMERICAN DOLLARS. HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS. It's THOUSANDS and THOUSANDS.

And now the Giacchino kicks in. Sun's face fills with surprise. Surprise that Smalley shares.

AGENT SMALLEY (CONT'D)
What're you doing with this?

And Smalley's genial frustration now gives way to an all business demeanor. He checks their immigration form, then looks up. The Kwons are officially in deep shit.

Sun senses this, looks at Jin -- shocked. She DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THIS MONEY. Or what it's for.

AGENT SMALLEY (CONT'D)
Anything over ten thousand dollars has to be declared.
(sees Jin's stony face)
You. Didn't. Declare. This. What are you doing with this?

Sun looks at Jin. Spinning. This makes no sense --

SUN	JIN
Why... why do you have all that money?	(barks) *I will handle this*.

Sun recoils. He's just put her in her PLACE. And we kind've HATE him for it.

AGENT SMALLEY (CONT'D)
Sir, You're going to have to come with me.

JIN	AGENT SMALLEY
I don't have time for this --	-- Let's go have a talk.

Smalley takes Jin by the arm, nods at another nearby agent.

AGENT SMALLEY (CONT'D)
Anne, take her to the waiting area.

ANNE nods as Jin is pulled away toward a PRIVATE ROOM. Sun watches. Helpless and AGHAST. Agent Anne approaches Sun, ushers her toward the WAITING AREA.

AGENT ANNE
Mrs. Kwon? Do you understand any English?

And that's pretty much the SIXTY-FOUR THOUSAND DOLLAR QUESTION, ain't it? Sun turns to face the agent --

AGENT ANNE (CONT'D)
Because if you do... If this is just a misunderstanding, you should speak up now. If you just talk to me, things are going to go a lot easier for you husband.

A tense beat as Sun stares at her. If she speaks up, perhaps she can save Jin a whole lot of trouble... but we have NO fucking idea what's going through her head right now.

AGENT ANNE (CONT'D)
Mrs. Kwon? Do you understand me?

We HOLD ON SUN. Moment of truth. But after an ENDLESS BEAT, Sun just furrows her brow --

SUN
No... English.

Wait. Hold on. Whatever's going on here -- yeah, there have been some changes -- but is it possible Sun is fucking telling the TRUTH? Well, we've got a WHOLE GODDAMNED SEASON to figure that out, so for now we just have to **WHOOOOOSH TO** --

122 OMITTED 122

123 EXT. TEMPLE COMPOUND - DAY 123

JIN. Who walks with Jack, Kate, and Hurley in a procession led by FIVE OTHERS. They now enter the main Temple compound. While our gang looks confused, yet AWED, by their surroundings, the guy we're really focused on, is --

SAYID. Being carried on a stretcher by two Others. And by the look of him, it's obvious: Sayid is literally on death's fucking door. The procession now crosses the courtyard and enters --

124 INT. TEMPLE - POOL ROOM - DAY 124

A NATURAL SPRING sits in the center of the room. An ancient structure has been built over it. The water in the pool is slowly BUBBLING from forces underground. Carved SYMBOLS adorn the raised edges of the pool: this is a place of MYTHIC POWER, a TRUE WELLSPRING.

Dogen goes over and kneels by the waters, CONCERNED -- because something is AMISS.

He looks down and we see Dogen's REFLECTION -- slightly opaque as it undulates -- because the WATER IS NOT CLEAR. In fact the WATER IS DARK AND MURKY in an unnatural way.

Now Behind Dogen -- Jack, Kate, Hurley, and Jin file in. As they settle they see --

Dogen takes out a KNIFE, puts the BLADE to his HAND and -- CHRIST! -- SLICES his palm with the sharp edge. Dogen barely winces as he examines the GASH. His CRIMSON BLOOD seeping out. Calmly, he DIPS it into the POOL. Holds it for a BEAT.

ON KATE and JACK, confused by Dogen's actions. To Jack:

KATE
What's he doing?

Jack shakes his head, watching as Dogen removes his hand from the water.

ON DOGEN. FROWNING. Examining his hand -- which is STILL CUT and BLEEDING. Was he expecting something ELSE?

The stretcher holding Sayid is laid down next to the pool. Now Dogen turns and addresses our group, pointing at Sayid --

DOGEN
Who's responsible for this?

Lennon turns to our gang, also gesturing to Sayid:

LENNON
Who did this to him?

Kate, Jack, Jin and Hurley all trade looks. Jack SPEAKS UP.

JACK
I didn't shoot him... but it's --
it's my fault.

God love fucking Jack... even though he has no idea what he's getting into. Dogen listens to this then approaches, speaks directly to Jack in Japanese as Lennon translates --

DOGEN
We will try and save him, but there are risks.

LENNON
If we do this, there are risks. Do you understand?

How the fuck is Jack supposed to know what that means? But THERE IS NO FUCKING OTHER CHOICE HERE, so he says --

JACK
(hesitates; then)
Do what you have to do.

And WITH THAT Dogen BARKS a COMMAND --

DOGEN
Put him in the pool!

And with that, FOUR Others lift Sayid off the stretcher... and HEFT HIM INTO THE POOL, wading in on either side of him. (Subtly, a fifth Other, carrying a rifle, positions himself between our group and the pool.)

Dogen walks to a waist-high pedestal, near the wall, pulls a dusty canvas cloth off of the top of it, revealing --

A TIMEPIECE. Like an ancient HOURGLASS set on a stone base. Dogen ROTATES the hourglass. THE COUNTDOWN IS ON.

He then nods to the Others -- who LOWER Sayid into the murky pool... and HOLD HIM THERE.

UNDER THE FUCKING WATER.

Jack and the others react -- the FUCK? Turns to Lennon --

JACK
What are they doing?

Lennon ignores him. A few seconds pass. Hurley looks to Jack, CONCERNED. Starting to get a BAD FEELING about this --

HURLEY
Can unconscious people, like, hold their breath?

JACK
No.

ON JACK. Getting more and more AGITATED as the sand continues to FLOW...

FUCK. And what starts as mildly uncomfortable, quickly becomes EXCRUCIATING TO FUCKING WATCH.

Suddenly -- SPLASH -- SAYID'S LEGS SPASM!

The first SIGN OF LIFE we've seen from him since he PASSED OUT. But the Others only TIGHTEN THEIR FUCKING GRIP -- keep him SUBMERGED. Jack steps forward --

JACK (CONT'D)
He's awake. Let him up.

But they DON'T. Dogen simply OBSERVES Sayid, his TREPIDATION growing. Because whatever was SUPPOSED to be happening? It ain't. Dogen then looks to --

THE TIME PIECE. Still HALF FULL, sand flowing --

The GIACCHINO BUILDS as Sayid's ARMS begin to JERK -- his EFFORTS to SURFACE powerfully RESTRAINED by the Others --

JIN
What are they waiting for?!

JACK
I said let him up!

And Jack now CHARGES FORWARD at Dogen. Dogen responds with a simple but skilled MARTIAL ARTS MOVE that puts Jack FLAT ON HIS ASS. The Others point their weapons at our group. They aren't fucking DOING ANYTHING OR GOING ANYWHERE.

Sayid THRASHES -- the SAND FLOWS -- still a QUARTER of it left -- another AGONIZING TEN SECONDS pass -- Hurley can't take it anymore:

HURLEY
You're not saving him, you're drowning him! Let him up!

ON the TIME PIECE. Almost DONE. Sayid in FULL-ON CONVULSIONS now. Kate near tears, YELLS --

KATE
Stop, that's enough!

But nobody's listening. FIVE MORE SECONDS PASS. It's VERGING on SADISTIC -- and then?

Sayid goes PERFECTLY STILL. The SAND EMPTIED.

The Others release their hold on Sayid. Jack sits up and can only watch, from his knees, as they PULL Sayid OUT of the POOL. Unceremoniously lay him on the ground.

Dogen approaches now. Takes a knee beside him. Opens Sayid's eyelid. Then his MOUTH. Puts his ear right next to it. It's a brief, if not thorough, EXAM.

And now, Dogen speaks. And he looks ANGRY and FRUSTRATED himself at what's just happened --

DOGEN
He's gone.

Lennon, a bit dazed by the proceedings himself translates --

LENNON
Your friend is dead.

With that, Dogen simply WALKS OFF. Obviously intent on keeping his ROILING EMOTIONS PRIVATE. The Others follow him out, leaving our heroes ALONE for the first time.

No way. NO FUCKING WAY is Sayid dead.

Jack won't accept it. He CLAMORS over to Sayid -- starts chest compressions, MOUTH TO MOUTH --

JACK
C'mon... C'mon...

-- We've seen Jack do this before. Charlie. Desmond. It ALWAYS works... Jack PUSHING on Sayid's chest with intense ferocity -- FILLING Sayid's lungs with his own BREATH --

As the GIACCHINO PLAYS, and Jack keeps pressing, REALITY slowly washing over us...

ON JIN. HURLEY. KATE. A painful sadness in their eyes. Kate steels herself. Walks over to Jack in the midst of his frantic life-saving attempt. Softly says:

KATE
Jack.

Jack PRESSES ON. Refuses to stop. CAN'T stop. Kate kneels beside him now. Feeling awful. Not for Sayid, but for Jack.

KATE (CONT'D)
Jack... He's gone.

ON JACK. Finally, he stops. Looks up at Kate. Tears streaming down his cheeks. Not just the exhaustion... but the goddamned FAILURE of it.

And as the GIACCHINO plays a final mournful note, we can't quite fucking believe it...

But Sayid Jarrah is dead.

END OF ACT EIGHT

ACT NINE

125 INT. LAX - CUSTOMS BAGGAGE CLAIM AREA - DAY 125

CLOSE ON A PHOTOGRAPH. A beautiful Middle-Eastern woman. The faithful might recognize her as Nadia, but we'll be reminded of that in a minute as we WIDEN TO FIND the photo in the HANDS OF --

Sayid. And while he may be dead on the island, he is very much alive here. Wherever and WHENEVER the fuck "here" is.

ARZT
(off Sayid's photo)
Wife? Girlfriend...?

Sayid looks up to see Dr. Arzt standing beside him looking at the photo -- they are BOTH WAITING at the BAGGAGE CAROUSEL.

ARZT (CONT'D)
...Mail order bride?
(beat)
Kidding. I'm kidding.

Sayid shoots him a look as -- meanwhile -- across the baggage claim area --

KATE

Enters the room, SCANS IT, looking for the best way out. She SEES the room funnels down to a CUSTOMS AGENT sitting at a desk collecting DECLARATIONS and sending people either left (nothing to declare) or right to the Customs Inspection area.

Now a COP walks up to the Customs Agent holding a faxed photo (Kate, although not seen) and is obviously telling him to be on the look out.

ON KATE. SHIT. NOT a good development.

BACK AT THE BAGGAGE CAROUSEL

Sayid has put the photo back in his pocket and is scanning the revolving CONVEYER for his luggage. And Arzt? He's STILL RIGHT THERE. One of those guys who NEVER STOPS TALKING TO YOU --

ARZT (CONT'D)
So is she picking you up?

ON SAYID. Looks up -- Can't get his suitcase soon enough.

SAYID
Pardon?

ARZT
Your friend in the photo. Is she meeting you outside of Customs?

SAYID
No, she doesn't know I'm here.

Arzt FROWNS now, suddenly REALIZING --

ARZT
Wait a minute -- don't tell me you're surprising her.

Sayid just looks at him. No way out of it now --

SAYID
Actually, I am.

Arzt shakes his head, RAMPING UP. AH -- this is the man we REMEMBER lecturing us on why the RAFT wouldn't work.

ARZT
Oh, man... big mistake. Do not believe the hype -- women hate surprises. They say they want you to be spontaneous and romantic and sweep them off their feet, but y'know what happens when you hide in their closet with a bouquet of roses and jump out? You get maced, that's what.

ON SAYID. Doesn't quite know what to say in the fact of this onslaught other than --

SAYID
There's my bag.

Sayid reaches, grabs his suitcase and is glad to be done with Arzt. As Sayid gets in line to exit, the TWO TSA GUYS who were on the elevator pass by him and now head toward THE COP AND THE CUSTOMS AGENT AT THE EXIT. A fact that does not escape --

KATE

Who reacts -- FUCK -- as she now SEES THEM ALL TALKING -- she's mere SECONDS from getting made.

She quickly looks around for another alternative -- SEES a FEMALE EMPLOYEE in a blue blazer heading out a door marked, *"No Admittance. Employees Only."*

The Employee punches in a DOOR CODE 5-3-1-1. KATE CLOCKS IT. Watches her disappear. Kate's got no idea what's on the other side of that door, but at the moment she's got NO OTHER FUCKING CHOICE.

So she hurries over and punches in 5-3-1-1 and disappears through the door herself...

A126 INT. LAX - BACK HALLWAY - SAME A126

And she finds herself in a deserted back hallway... She looks right and left. SEES that the female Employee is walking down the corridor to the right, so she goes left.

She HURRIES DOWN the hallway walking at a fast clip, passing closed doors, not willing to try any one of them...

Finally at the end of the hallway there is a door with a PUSH BAR. She exhales. Then COMMITS and pushes herself headlong into it -- and the door SWINGS OPEN she finds herself --

B126 EXT. LAX - AIRPORT CURBSIDE - DAY B126

OUTSIDE! SUNLIGHT. The CACOPHONY OF CARS AND AIRPORT SHUTTLES. Travelers moving to-and-fro. OH MY GOD, IT LOOKS LIKE SHE FUCKING MADE IT TO FREEDOM!

For the first time a tiny RAY OF HOPE shines in her eyes.

But then GODDAMNIT -- NO. Kate SPOTS THIRTY YARDS AWAY --

THE MARSHAL. DRIED BLOOD on the side of his head as he ANIMATEDLY talks to FOUR AIRPORT COPS -- showing them a PIECE OF PAPER that could only be HER fucking MUGSHOT.

Kate lowers her CHIN -- hitting her stride -- and THANK GOD -- there's a CAB waiting at the CURB.

126 EXT. LAX - CAB STAND - CONTINUOUS 126

Kate bee-lines for the CAB. Walks right up to it, reaching for the DOOR. SHE'S GONNA MAKE IT -- when --

VOICE (O.S.)
I don't think so, lady.

Kate TURNS to see the voice belongs to a SKINNY looking guy. And if he looks familiar to us? That's because he's --

FROGURT
There's a line.

Kate looks behind Frogurt, sees eight people standing behind him. SHIT. Okay then. She walks to the end, which currently happens to be Hurley. Conducting business on his CELL PHONE (we'll write his shpiel on a separate page), completely oblivious to her.

ON KATE as Frogurt hops in the CAB and another pulls up -- ALMOST THERE -- PURE FUCKING SUSPENSE AS -- SWIIIIIISH!

RACK FOCUS to see the Marshal and TWO OF THE COPS step out of the baggage claim just TWENTY FEET BEHIND HER -- walking TOWARDS her now -- Kate doesn't see them coming but WE do --

VRRRRROOOOOM! ANOTHER CAB takes off -- it's just Hurley and whoever's in front of him left before Kate is FREE --

But CHRIST -- the Marshal is getting CLOSER -- SCREEEECH! -- another CAB stops. The line INCHES FORWARD -- *

And the Marshal STOPS. Cocks his head. Almost... SENSING her presence. And he slowly TURNS --

And MAKES EYE CONTACT WITH KATE. One moment of SURPRISE is all she has -- and she doesn't fucking WASTE IT --

MARSHAL
HEY!!!!!

But Kate is MOVING NOW, PUSHING PAST HURLEY -- the CAB at the curb is already STARTING TO MOVE AWAY, but Kate fucking LUNGES FOR THE DOOR, YANKING IT OPEN -- HOPPING INSIDE!!!!

127 INT. CAB - MOVING - CONTINUOUS 127

Kate SLAMS THE DOOR, SHOUTS AT THE DRIVER --

KATE
Go! GO NOW!

The Driver SLAMS ON THE BRAKES, CONFUSED --

Kate throws a glance through the windshield, THE MARSHAL BREAKING INTO A RUN FOR THE CAB -- SHOUTING --

And she operates on INSTINCT, reaching into the waistband of her jeans, YANKING OUT THE GUN. And that's when we hear a GASP beside her...

Because although we didn't realize it until just now, Kate is not alone in this backseat. There was already a PASSENGER.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
What... are you doing?

And we PAN OVER to REVEAL -- HOLY CHRIST -- IT'S --

CLAIRE. Very confused. Very scared. And very fucking PREGNANT. OH GOOD LORD.

But Kate doesn't know her and doesn't CARE -- she turns back to the driver, takes the GUN, JAMS IT INTO HIS FUCKING NECK --

KATE
Dammit, I said GO!!!!

And as the DRIVER has no choice but to STEP ON IT, the SQUEAL OF HIS FUCKING TIRES COMBINING WITH OUR **WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH:**

128 INT. TEMPLE - POOL ROOM - DAY 128

TO KATE.

And we're immediately struck by how QUIET it is here compared to the fucking CHAOS we just left as we WIDEN TO FIND --

We're still in the TEMPLE. The MUDDY POOL in the center of the room a reminder of what it failed to accomplish, because ACROSS THE ROOM --

Jack sits by Sayid's body with Hurley. Both in subdued SHOCK. It has been a brutal fucking DAY.

Cindy enters now, with TWO KIDS, 8 and 10 respectively, passing the THREE ARMED GUARDS at the archway. The kids hold stacks of FOLDED CLOTHES. They cross to Kate first --

CINDY
Sorry... these are all we have, but at least they're clean. Thought you might want to change.

KATE
Thanks.

CINDY
Zack, Emma, leave those for her and then take the rest to those people over there...

Cindy moves off towards Hurley and Jack, passing Jin on the way, handing him some clothes as he sits down next to Kate. Speaks QUIETLY, nods towards Cindy --

JIN
Did you hear what she said?

KATE
(looks up at him; huh?)
Sorry?

JIN
(points to Cindy)
She said we were on the first plane, the Oceanic plane.

ON JIN. And we can see something on his face that the island has been largely DEVOID of so far. HOPE.

JIN (CONT'D)
Hurley said the three of you disappeared off a plane. The same plane Sun was on. Ajira.
(beat; intense)
What if it actually landed here?

ON KATE. Following his logic. Because that would mean -- a SCUFFLE AT THE ARCHWAY, the moment INTERRUPTED AS --

Miles and Sawyer are TOSSED into the room by a group of HARDASS OTHERS.

Kate's SHOCKED to see them. Miles has a BLOODY NOSE. But at least he's fucking AWAKE -- Sawyer is OUT FUCKING COLD.

Jack and Hurley leave Sayid's body -- Jack fucking CONCERNED for Sawyer (and we love him for it) as he asks Miles --

JACK
Is he okay? What happened?

MILES
They jumped us in the jungle.
(nods to Sawyer)
He took four of them out before one of them hit him with a damn rock.

And now Miles takes in his SURROUNDINGS for the first time --

MILES (CONT'D)
What the hell is this place?

But before he can answer, Lennon strides in through the archway, SERIOUS AS FUCK as he walks right up to Hurley --

LENNON
You. Come with me.

ON HURLEY. Uh oh. His bravado dissipated in the wake of Sayid's death, NERVOUS now --

HURLEY
Come with you... where?

SMASH CUT TO:

129 INT. TEMPLE - DOGEN'S CHAMBER - DAY - MOMENTS LATER 129

HERBS hang down from the CEILING. This room has a HOLISTIC, LIVING GARDEN feel to it. REVEALING --

Dogen as he tends to the herbs -- he seems to be half GARDENER, half MEDICINE MAN. A quiet GRACE to him.

LENNON (O.S.)
Dogen.

Dogen turns to see Lennon enter with Hurley. No greeting. All business. Speaks in Japanese.

DOGEN
Ask him exactly what Jacob said to him. What were his instructions?

Lennon turns to Hurley --

LENNON
He wants to know what Jacob told you. What were your instructions?

HURLEY
He told me to come here, that you guys would save Sayid.
(and then; sadly)
Which you didn't.

DOGEN
He was beyond saving.

ON HURLEY. And he suddenly REALIZES something. To Lennon --

HURLEY
Wait a second -- you're not translating anything I say to him.
(turns to Dogen, a-ha!)
(MORE)

HURLEY (CONT'D)
Which means you totally understand me.

Dogen frowns. Gets up nice and close to Hurley. Genuine DISDAIN here -- a real sense that while this guy might have a very important job on the island? He might just HATE it.

A beat as he just looks at Hurley. And then in ENGLISH says --

DOGEN
I don't like the way English tastes on my tongue.

Hurley reacts. SHIT. And with that, Dogen turns back to Lennon. Speaks JAPANESE again.

DOGEN (CONT'D)
When is Jacob arriving?

LENNON
(translating)
When's Jacob getting here?

HURLEY
What... do you mean?

LENNON
Is he coming to the Temple?

HURLEY
Uh... I really don't think that's gonna happen, man.

Lennon and Dogen exchange a look.

LENNON
Why not?

HURLEY
(shrugs)
Y'know... 'cause he's dead.

JESUS. That hits them like a BRICK IN THE FACE. Hurley reads it, SURPRISED --

HURLEY (CONT'D)
What? You guys didn't know?

And this all happens fast, so BEAR FUCKING WITH US as:

130 INT. TEMPLE - COURTYARD - DAY - CONTINUOUS 130

THE TEMPLE GOES INTO A STATE OF HIGH ALERT.

Dogen STRIDES through the courtyard, barking out ORDERS -- Lennon TRANSLATING them as he does so...

DOGEN	LENNON
(in Japanese) *Everyone to your posts! On the walls! Prepare the ash! Ten men to the north side!*	Everyone to your posts! On the walls! Prepare the ash! Ten men to the north side!

OTHERS scattering to CARRY THEM OUT. A Temple Other starts CLANGING with a ROD ON A LONG, RUSTED METAL PIPE HANGING from a ROPE. Obviously a WARNING BELL. And the point here is clear:

Jacob's DEATH has put them into LOCKDOWN MODE. OTHERS grab GUNS. Man positions on the WALL. Some grab GIANT SACKS of what appears to be ASH... begin EMPTYING IT on the outer periphery of the TEMPLE...

Hurley is caught up in their wake... CONFUSED... wondering what the fuck is going on... Dogen SHOUTS to an Other --

DOGEN	LENNON
Send the warning! Light it! Do it NOW!!	Send the warning! Light it! Do it NOW!!

He pulls a DIRTY TARP off of what looks like a TALL POLE. And is that a... ROCKET attached to it? The Other lights a FUSE on the bottom of the rocket -- FSSSSSSSSSSSH! It blasts off into the SKY! DETONATES in a burst of FIREWORKS. What the fuck?!?

Hurley watches as BARRICADES are pulled in front of the openings to the Temple -- SHIT --

HURLEY
Guess we're not getting out of here, huh?

And Lennon turns to him, HARDCORE. But even more unsettling? He is clearly fucking SCARED.

LENNON
This isn't to keep you in. It's to keep him out.

Fuck. ON HURLEY. Who inevitably must ASK --

HURLEY
"Him"... who?

SMASH CUT TO:

131 EXT. BEACH - FOOT STATUE - DAY 131

THE SKY. And despite the sun shining down, we can still make out the DISTANT EXPLODING ROCKET. MILES AWAY. STREAMING RED TRAILS LIKE A GIANT FLARE GUN! No mistaking this for anything but a WARNING -- This is what we just saw blasting off from the TEMPLE as we TILT DOWN TO FIND:

Alpert. His brow knotted in WORRY. This MEANS something to him. And just like the rest of his fucking day, it ain't GOOD AT ALL.

Suddenly, a COMMOTION around him -- the gathered OTHERS shouldering their RIFLES as Alpert turns back towards --

THE FOOT. And no wonder the Others are pointing their guns. Because Ben is exiting the foot again. But this time, HE'S NOT ALONE. Shit.

Here comes John Locke.

ON SUN AND LAPIDUS. JESUS. To know Locke is dead and to SEE him walking towards them... FUCK. Lapidus mutters... *

LAPIDUS *
I'm seein' it, but I'm still not *
believin' it. *

And then we're back ON: *

ALPERT. SHAKEN... NERVOUS... but turns to his people, fingers nervously poised on triggers --

ALPERT
Don't shoot him.

Ilana AIMS HER GUN at him, looks around for BRAM AND HIS TEAM -- waiting for them to emerge -- but they ain't coming out. And her NOT seeing them keeps her finger on the trigger but keeps her from pulling it.

But if Locke was worried about that, he doesn't show it. He strides RIGHT BY Ilana and the other ARMED OTHERS, ignoring their guns as he walks up to Alpert. Stops a foot away.

Ben melts back into the crowd... Whatever's about to happen, he doesn't want to be anywhere NEAR it. And now we play a nice, long NERVE-WRACKING beat as Alpert just looks at Locke. Confused. Curious. SCARED. Then. Locke finally speaks --

LOCKE
Hello, Richard.
(then; pointed)
(MORE)

LOCKE (CONT'D)

Nice to see you out of those chains.

"Chains?" WHAT? And although we've got no fucking idea what the hell that meant, Alpert sure as shit DOES. He takes a step backwards, completely ROCKED --

ALPERT
...You?

Wait. Does Alpert actually RECOGNIZE him? Locke NODS --

LOCKE
Me.

And without hesitation, without any fucking WARNING at all, Locke lunges forwards, his ARM MOVING WITH BRUTAL SPEED -- **WHAM!** -- PUNCHES ALPERT IN THE THROAT!

JESUS -- Alpert GASPS for air, stumbles back -- and Locke is fucking BRUTAL -- WHUMP -- KICKS Alpert in the gut, DOUBLING HIM OVER as he reaches forward, grabs his HAIR -- BRINGS UP HIS KNEE -- KRAAAACK! -- SMASHES Alpert's face into it!

And that's it. Alpert hits the sand -- OUT FUCKING COLD.

Locke stands over him -- barely out of BREATH.

PANNING OVER THE FACES OF THE OTHERS who have just witnessed the unflappable Richard Alpert getting his ass totally kicked in under three fucking seconds. Still POINTING THEIR RIFLES at Locke... but their hands are SHAKING.

Locke turns to them now. Then. He narrows his eyes --

LOCKE (CONT'D)
I'm very disappointed.

Now, his eyes flick to Ben as he quietly says --

LOCKE (CONT'D)
In all of you.

And now, Locke steps forward, reaches down and HEFTS Alpert up over his shoulder. And without another fucking WORD --

He walks right past them and into the jungle. No one tries to stop him. No one fucking DARES to stop him.

And as Locke walks away, POWERFUL, Alpert on his back -- we still can't quite grasp what he has become. What he IS. But as he clears frame, we TILT DOWN and at least get one last look at what John Locke WAS as we RACK FOCUS to see --

A SUITED CORPSE lying on the sand.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT NINE

ACT TEN

132 INT. TEMPLE - CLOSED QUARTERS - DAY 132

And we open our final act with a reminder of the price paid to get through five fucking seasons of this damned show --

WE ARE CLOSE ON SAYID'S CORPSE.

WIDENING TO FIND Hurley and Miles sitting over it. Hurley is clearly more deeply affected by the loss of his friend. GIACCHINO playing the requisite SADNESS of it as Hurley leans over, quietly speaks into Sayid's ear --

HURLEY
Good-bye, dude. If you ever wanna talk? I'm around.

Christ. Heartbreaking. Hurley sits back up to see Miles with a somewhat befuddled expression on his face.

HURLEY (CONT'D)
What?

ON MILES. He shakes his head. Whatever is clearly BOTHERING him, he's keeping it to himself.

MILES
Nothing.

And now, we CUT ACROSS THE COURTYARD where:

Kate kneels over the still unconscious SAWYER. Washing the blood off his face with a wet rag. The SAD GIACCHINO continues, playing the INTIMACY of it. This is the first time she's TOUCHED him in three years. And now --

His eyes flicker OPEN. Looks up at Kate, GROGGY. A beat --

SAWYER
Where are we?

KATE
(a beat; then)
The Temple.

Sawyer closes his eyes. A quiet RESIGNATION as it comes back to him --

SAWYER
We got caught by the Others again.

(CONTINUED)

KATE
(shrugs; not so sure)
They're... protecting us this time
I think.

SAWYER
Course they are.

Kate just looks at him. And it comes out before she even fucking REALIZES it --

KATE
I'm so sorry, James.

He casts his eyes down, grits his teeth and SAYS NOTHING. There's only so much pain he can take in a single day. And now he LOOKS UP -- ACROSS THE COURTYARD at Jack. And his PAIN becomes something ELSE. Kate sees it...

And Kate's eyes convey her PAIN -- her GUILT --

KATE (CONT'D) the
What you said back at the hatch --
James. He was trying to help us.

He looks at her. And the dark brooding silence HANGS THERE. Finally, very quietly and intensely he says --

SAWYER
I'm not gonna kill Jack.

ON KATE. Relieved. But Sawyer's not FINISHED --

SAWYER (CONT'D)
He deserves to suffer on this rock
just like the (fucking) rest of us.

And as Sawyer turns now, looking over his shoulder across the COURTYARD where --

Jack has been sitting quietly, watching them from afar. The TWO MAKE EYE CONTACT.

And WE'RE WITH Jack now, but despite the SYMPATHY in his own eyes, Sawyer's giving him nothing but fucking HATE.

And as Jack turns away, feeling... no, KNOWING, that he FUCKING DESERVES EVERY BIT OF IT, we **WHOOOOOOOOOSH TO:**

133 INT. LAX - OCEANIC COMPLAINT OFFICE - DAY 133

ON JACK. Necktie loose. Eyes red. Anger dissipated, a sorrowful EMPTINESS in its place. Talks into his CELL as we only hear his side of the conversation --

JACK (INTO PHONE)
Yeah... okay. I know. Do you think I knew this would happen?

WIDENING NOW to find Jack sitting in a chair on the OUTSKIRTS of the now DESERTED BAGGAGE CLAIM next to an OCEANIC COMPLAINT KIOSK. He shakes his head, FRUSTRATED --

JACK (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
I scheduled it so soon because I wanted to get it over with...
(listens; then)
I don't know, mom. He's not here so I can't tell you what to tell them other than you can't have a damned service without him.
(shakes his head; relents)
Yeah... I'll call you if I hear anything.

CLICK. Jack snaps the phone closed. CHRIST. What a fucking day. He sits there for a moment. Wonders just what the hell to do with himself. And then --

Reaches into his jacket pocket. Removes the MINI-BOTTLE of VODKA Cindy had slipped him. Why the fuck not? He TWISTS the cap just as --

VOICE (O.S.)
What'd you lose?

Jack turns towards the sound of the voice, SEES --

JOHN LOCKE

Sitting there in his WHEELCHAIR.

JACK
Excuse me?

Locke SMILES. Completely friendly --

LOCKE
They lost one of my suitcases.
What about you?

JACK
(shakes his head)
You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

LOCKE
Try me.

And of course, there is no history between these two men at all. They are complete strangers. And yet... somehow, there is an almost immediate and inexplicable BOND here. And for reasons he's not entirely aware of, Jack responds --

JACK
They lost my father.

LOCKE
I'm sorry?

JACK
He died in Australia. Couple days ago. I flew out there to get him.

ON LOCKE. That wasn't the answer he was expecting. But he registers genuine SYMPATHY --

LOCKE
I'm sorry. My condolences.

But Jack is rolling now... it's actually a RELIEF to get some of this off his chest --

JACK
The coffin was supposed to go on the plane in Sydney, but it didn't. Apparently he's somewhere in "transit," which is their way of saying they don't know where the hell he is.

Locke just sits there for a beat. Then --

LOCKE
How could they know?

JACK
They were the ones who checked him through -- there's gotta be some tracking system --

LOCKE
-- No. I'm not talking about the coffin. I mean how could they know where he is?

ON JACK. Suddenly... and POWERFULLY, this conversation just got BIG. Locke wheels a little closer now. INTIMATE --

LOCKE (CONT'D)
They didn't lose your father...
(a beat; kindly)
They just lost his body.

WOW. And the irony of these words coming from Locke is not lost on us one fucking bit.

And Jack's eyes begin to WELL. Because somehow this man, this STRANGER, just bestowed him with an incredible and unexpected degree of COMFORT.

Locke smiles at him now --

LOCKE (CONT'D)
Either way, your story beats the hell out of mine. All my suitcase had in it was a bunch of knives.

JACK
You some kind of salesman?

LOCKE
(a beat; then)
Something like that.

Now, Locke puts his hands on the wheels:

LOCKE (CONT'D)
Nice talking to you. I hope that coffin turns up.

JACK
(smiles)
I hope you find your knives.

Locke smiles back, moves to turn. This is GOOD-BYE. But --

JACK (CONT'D)
You mind if I ask what happened to you?

And Locke's smile EVAPORATES. Jack realizes he's overstepped, back off --

(CONTINUED)

JACK (CONT'D)
I'm sorry... I was only asking because I'm a spinal surgeon... I didn't mean to --

LOCKE
(cuts him off)
-- Don't worry about it.
(then)
Surgery isn't going to do anything for me, anyway. My condition is irreversible.

JACK
(beat)
Nothing's irreversible.

And now, Jack reaches into his pocket, takes out his wallet. Pulls out a BUSINESS CARD, offers it to Locke --

JACK (CONT'D)
If you're ever looking for a consult, give me a call. It's on the house.

And Locke, though still guarded, is also deeply TOUCHED --

LOCKE
Thanks...
(reading the card)
"Jack Shephard."

Locke extends his hand:

LOCKE (CONT'D)
I'm John. John Locke.

And with that, they SHAKE. And it's good. And NICE. And overwhelming REAL.

JACK
Nice to meet you, John.

LOCKE
Nice to meet you, too.

And with that, Locke tucks the card into his pocket, offers a final nod, and turns his chair around.

And as we HOLD ON Jack, watching John Locke wheel himself away, we WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH TO:

134 INT. TEMPLE - CLOSED QUARTERS - DAY 134

ON JACK. Sitting in the pool room, Sayid's dead body laying on the stone floor behind him. Jack is taking a minute, keeping his DISTANCE from the rest of the GROUP, just trying to process everything that's fucking gone on.

That's when Lennon enters with two Others GUARDS backing him up. They walk over to Jack.

LENNON
You're Shephard?

Jack looks up at them -- but really DOESN'T GIVE A FUCK --

JACK
Yeah.

Lennon gives him a look -- maybe even a little PITY there.

LENNON
We need to speak to you.
(beat)
Privately.

But Jack is UNMOVED. Looks up disinterestedly at Lennon --

JACK
If you've got something to say to me then say it... Otherwise, just leave me alone.

Lennon takes note of Jack's attitude here.

LENNON
I don't think you're understanding me here... I'm asking politely. Niceties have value...

Lennon glances at the two stone-faced GUARDS behind him.

LENNON (CONT'D)
But at a certain point that kind of thing evaporates... because we are going to have this conversation -- and it's not going to be here.

Now Jack gets to his feet, RAMPING UP, eye-fucks Lennon --

JACK
Yeah? Is that right?

Clearly there's no more negotiating about this. Lennon shrugs, OH WELL. HE FUCKING TRIED. And he SIGNALS to the Guards. They MOVE IN AND GRAB JACK. But as they do, JACK TWISTS FREE OF ONE and SMASHES THE OTHER GUARD IN THE FACE!

Now Kate and everyone else up is WATCHING --

JACK (CONT'D)
Don't you (fucking) touch me! What the hell do you people want with us!?

Lennon doesn't want this to spin out of control, so he says --

LENNON
It's about your sister.

WHAT?! That BOMBSHELL DROPS and LANDS --leaving Jack and everyone else in the room speechless, and then --

JACK
What do you mean, it's about my sis--

BUT Jack STOPS MID-SENTENCE. BECAUSE SOMETHING IS HAPPENING IN THE ROOM THAT HAS EVERY FUCKING PERSON FIXATED. Including LENNON, WHO'S MOUTH FALLS OPEN IN SHOCK.

JACK TURNS TO SEE WHAT'S GOING ON IN TIME TO SEE --

A BLURRED FIGURE RISE INTO FRAME. CAMERA RACK FOCUSES TO REVEAL the figure is --

SAYID.

SITTING UP AND LOOKING AROUND. YES. FUCKING SAYID. EYES OPEN. ALERT. Although somewhat DISORIENTED. No idea where he is or why all these people are looking at him.

BUT HOLY GOOD CHRIST IN HEAVEN... WASN'T HE DEAD?

Dogen reacts, PURE SHOCK. Kate is stunned. And Jack? He's not sure he can trust his fucking eyes.

Sayid BLINKS also trying to figure out what's going on. He looks over, LOCKS EYES WITH JACK, then SPEAKS --

SAYID
What happened?

BOOM.

END OF SHOW